August 1966

Ramparts

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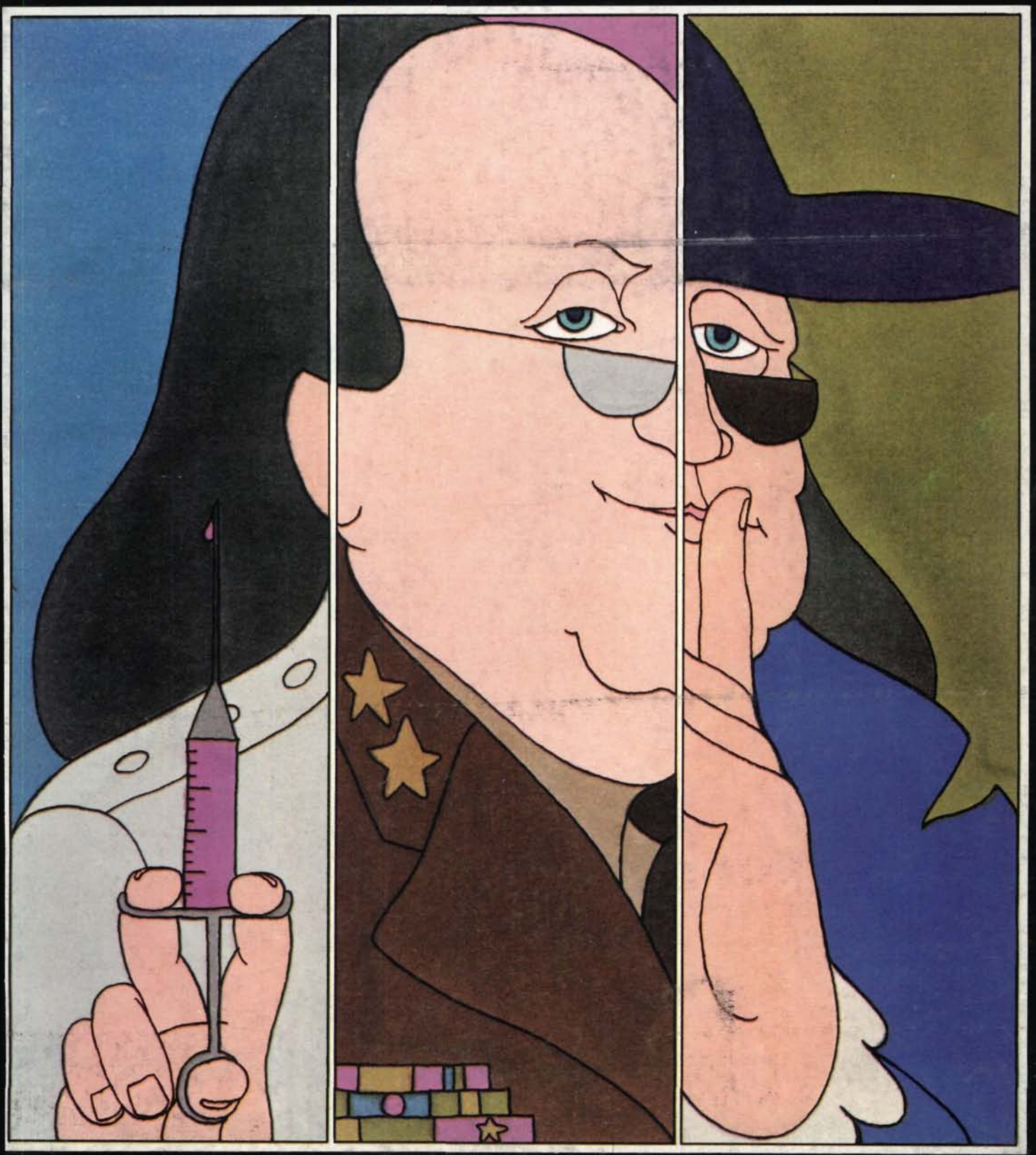

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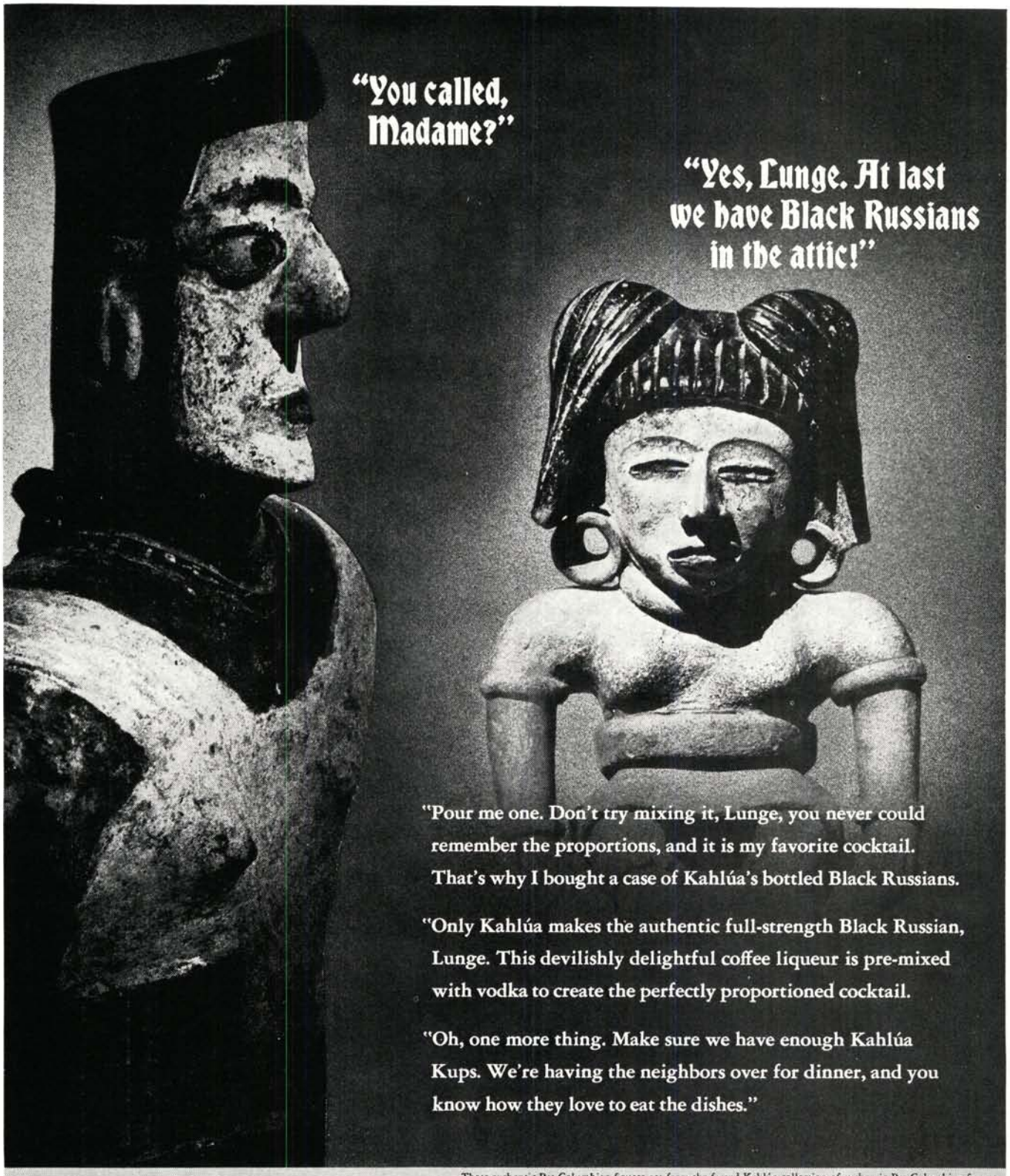

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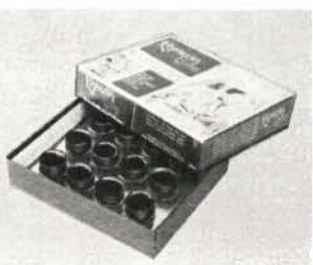

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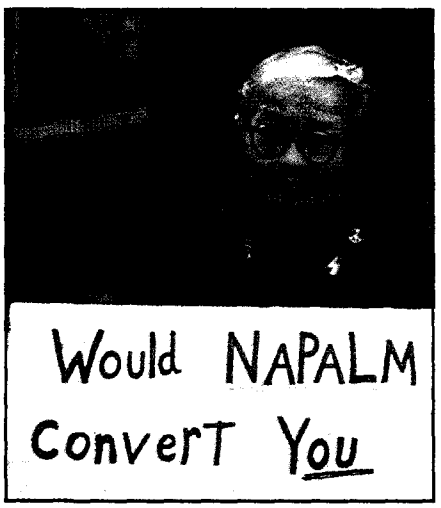

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Ramparts

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Apologia:

EVER WONDER how a senator makes it, financially, on the side? Sen. Joseph S. Clark (D., Pa.) revealed all recently. He filed a financial statement showing that he earned $112,000 last year above his $30,000 Senate salary—as follows: $83,681.77 from an oil royalty lease on family property, $19,939.93 from investments, $2,200 in lecture fees, an $1,800 advance on a book, $189.15 in royalties on another book, and $50 for a book review in Ramparts magazine. Senator Dodd, take note.

Adolfo Gilly, the Latin America revolutionary writer, has been imprisoned in Mexico City. Gilly reported for Ramparts the murder of Father Camilo Torres, Columbia's guerrilla priest (April 1966). He was held incommunicado, beaten, threatened with death and forced to sign a statement that he attended a meeting of the Trotskyist Party currently in disfavor with Mexican authorities. Gilly's arrest and imminent political trial show Mexican "democracy" as a Potemkin village. Since the successful student strike at the University of Mexico, the government has become increasingly repressive; if its imprisonment of Gilly goes unprotested, it is certain to signal a new wave of persecutions. Readers who wish to protest this treatment of a political writer may contact the Mexican Embassy in Washington, and Juez Primero de Distrito en Materia Penal, Eduardo Ferrer McGregor, Bucareli 24, Mexico, D.F. Mexico.

Like garlic bread, L'Affaire MSU-CIA (April 1966) keeps recurring. In June, 1,000 disillusioned Michigan State students staged an exemplary riot that was quelled after three hours by 247 policemen. And last month, the MSU daily sent two virginal lady reporters to Ramparts' offices on San Francisco's topless strip, to see if there really was a Ramparts. The girls arrived around lunch and couldn't find much anybody around, but were told by a cracker at the front desk to come back "around 2, when the orgies begin." Orgies? "Oh, yes, about every day," the ace journalists were told, a fact they dutifully reported in the news columns of the student paper. W.H.

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SOREL'S BESTIARY NUMBER 6

The Varying Hare

[*Kennedyctyl vascillayti*]

The Varying Hare can backtrack with such speed and agility that to the untrained eye it appears that there are two hares running in opposite directions. In this respect he reminds one of the Jack Rabbit, to whom he bears a strong resemblance. Mother Nature, in her finite wisdom, has endowed the Varying Hare with the ability to change color with differing climatic conditions. Hence his name. Recent hops to the plains of Africa and the jungles of Harlem, for example, have turned him a militant pink, and he thumps loudly for civil rights. Naturalists, however, recall that when burrowed in the Cabinet, he saw to it that empty perches in Southern courthouses were filled with White Nuthatches. Once fond of nibbling in Farmer McCarthy's cabbage patch, the Varying Hare has long since deserted for more fashionable crops. His breeding habits are nothing short of phenomenal. ES

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Marginalia

Editorial:

THREE CAMPAIGNS

THREE RAMPARTS EDITORS have just come through a fascinating five month encounter with the circus known as California politics. Running for Congress in the Democratic primaries of three California congressional districts they confronted a good cross-section of America. Our editors all lost. But they ran so consistently strong in such a variety of political climates that their campaigns have taken on a national significance.

In San Mateo County, which is like one long continuous suburb, Publisher Ed Keating, running against a man who had previously been the party's nominee for Congress, won 47% of the vote. Foreign Editor Robert Scheer ran in the 7th congressional district, comprising the university town of Berkeley and most of Oakland—the same Oakland with its explosive black ghetto that we described in these pages in February. Scheer received 45% of the vote running against an incumbent congressman with eight years service in Washington. In sunny Santa Barbara, a resting place for John Birchers and retired millionaires, Consulting Editor Stanley Sheinbaum ran second in a field of four candidates, losing to the son of publisher and Pulitzer Prize winner Thomas Storke. Of the 37,000 votes cast for both candidates, Sheinbaum won 41%.

Vietnam was the principal issue, and our editors ran on an unequivocal platform of opposition to the war. Their opponents supported the Administration's policies, and one, Jeffrey Cohelan, tried to pre-empt the peace vote as well by picturing himself as "more dove than hawk." Despite such manipulation, the hostility of the press and the tendency of many voters to opt automatically for the incumbent, the campaigns demonstrated the existence of a strong tide of opposition to the war—a result confirmed by the strong showings of other California "peace" candidates.

There was more than just a protest against the war. The primaries showed that there is great concern about *issues* and that the voters will respond to someone who takes these concerns seriously. This was confirmed even by the strong right-wing showing of Ronald Reagan and Sam Yorty, the Democratic mayor of Los Angeles. Part of their appeal stemmed from a subtle exploitation of paranoid white fears of a Watts, of concern over mounting casualties in Vietnam and confusion about the role of a state-supported university. But they also appealed to voters disgusted with the total bankruptcy of the Democratic center and its failure to deal with the burning issues of our time.

On the morning after the election a local newspaper summed up the situation by noting that there was "militancy on the left, power on the right, chaos in the middle." Politics in California had indeed become polarized, but not, as some nervous professional liberals thought, because of the cleverness of some extremists. The voters had sensed a crisis that was not being dealt with by usual political habits. Watts was a reality, and so was Vietnam where American boys were dying. And there really was a student rebellion on the campus at Berkeley. The voters wanted answers, a program—but all they could get from Governor Brown and the Johnsonian congressmen was a sop and more political pragmatism. They responded by moving right and left.

What the three congressional campaigns showed is that people *will* take the democratic political process seriously, but only when problems crucial to their lives are being debated. Our society is not fulfilling its promises. Beyond the rhetoric of the Great Society our problems deepen—the decay of the city, racism, an empire-building foreign policy that ignores the aspirations of most of the world's peoples. The RAMPARTS editors tried to speak to ordinary people about these issues in a way that made them meaningful to their own lives, and the people responded. That is what was new about the campaigns.

The Scheer campaign with its thousand campaign workers—students, housewives, professionals and ghetto militants—gave a glimpse of the potential power of the "new politics," the potential for mass political opposition to the callous, elite-oriented policies of the center. In the Scheer campaign, for the first time in memory, Berkeley peace-oriented intellectuals were able to work together with activists from the black ghetto to fashion a common political program. The campaign creatively wove together foreign policy and domestic issues like police brutality and the failure of the poverty program. The success of that effort is measured by the sizable majorities Scheer rolled up in the black ghettos of Oakland.

Because Scheer was running against one of Johnson's boys, a well-entrenched Administration congressman with a 95% ADA voting record, his campaign attracted most attention in Washington. On election night the clerk at the Alameda County courthouse received three frantic phone calls from Bill Moyers at the White House for information on the vote results.

President Johnson was to proclaim proudly that not one candidate opposed to the war had won in the primaries, a fact he interpreted as evidence of popular support for his policies. But there is more to politics than counting votes. The RAMPARTS editors were in the political arena because a serious moral and political crisis in America is unattended. The President ought not to take much comfort from the results of this first electoral effort. It was only a beginning. The RAMPARTS editors and others like them will be back, not because they enjoy the game of politics—but because there is the need.

Illustrations by Benedict Kocian

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Reminiscence:

A MILITARY MORTUARY

by Jack Wahle

AT FIVE IN THE MORNING, Guam time, on Wednesday, 13 April, 1966, Pan Am's jet Clipper 873, bound for Saigon and Bangkok, climbing on track out of Guam received the following message from Guam Air Traffic Control Center: "Saigon ATC off the air until further notice—mortar attack."

Clipper 873, a regularly scheduled, commercial cargo flight, elected to proceed to a point some 200 nautical miles beyond Manila, awaiting further information as to the situation at the Saigon terminal. By the time she reached this decision point, a series of partially garbled messages had been received indicating that the airport itself had been hit, knocking out the Air Traffic Control Center (ATC), several aircraft, and leaving the fuel dump burning. 873 turned back and landed at Manila International Airport. About five hours later, when normal communications had been re-established, Clipper 873 was refueled, took off again and flew on to Saigon. Tan Son Nhut was back in business.

Tan Son Nhut, Saigon's International Air Terminal, embodies the most extraordinary combination of functions. It is simultaneously a combat close support fighter/bomber base, military logistics terminal, combat casualty collection center, military mortuary and commercial air terminal.

Tan Son Nhut is "home" for small, single engine light planes, medium attack bombers, supersonic fighters, myriad helicopters, intercontinental jet transports and most everything in between. It boasts a civilian flying club whose members putt around the Saigon skies on their days off, just like weekend pilots anywhere else—only they fly a little higher up, so as to avoid small arms fire.

Small arms fire, some of it from our gallant allies, is a real problem for the commercial airliners. Pan Am alone has absorbed two hits—neither vital. While none of the airliners has yet been seriously damaged by pot shots, pilots are understandably shy about letting down to low altitude early in the approach. This makes for a rather spectacular final descent to landing. The takeoffs are interesting too. Obviously, no one bothers with noise abatement climbouts. It's full throttle and claw for the maximum altitude while covering a minimum of real estate.

At 5000 feet it is possible to relax, set up a normal rate of climb, and take a look around. War looks remarkably peaceful from a distance. The countryside is flat delta land—a green and brown mosaic stitched with darker lines of trees along the many watercourses. Villages, almost always shaded by trees, appear at intervals as larger dark splotches of green. Sometimes it is possible to count as many as ten or twelve smoking villages. No movement shows, just smoke. At night, the fireworks are apt to be more spectacular. But even then, the altitude endows the scene with an impersonal, removed, aspect; as if all this were going on in another world. It takes a conscious act of will to realize that real, frightened, flesh and blood people are being burned, maimed and killed. Right before your eyes. This through-the-looking-glass feeling of non-involvement in events that you can *see* is, to me, the most grotesque aspect of flying in the Saigon area.

Only once has this weird non-involvement been shattered for me. The occasion was another Flight 873 from Guam to Saigon in early December of 1965. Our crew was scheduled to transit Saigon and bring the flight back through Tokyo—some 12 hours flying plus four or five hours on the ground. Consequently, there were extra crew members aboard to provide relief periods for the pilots and flight engineer. During one of these periods I whipped up a cheese and ham souffle (we live well on the cargo runs, even without stewardæ), consumed same, and went back in the main cargo compartment to look

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for a level spot to stretch out in. About a third of the way back my nostrils were assailed by a pungent chemical odor. Strange noises and funny smells make me nervous while flying, so I began to sniff around, looking for the source. Following my nose, I came upon a pallet loaded with nine long aluminum boxes. They look for all the world like giant Halliburton suitcases.

Then, in one awful, searing moment, I *knew* this war. Viscerally.

The "Halliburton suitcases" were, in reality, used, empty coffins being returned to bring another squad of soldiers home.

So this is one of the many faces of Tan Son Nhut. A military mortuary. The aluminum coffins—no longer empty are flown home via special C-124 airlift. The C-124 can carry as many as 180 coffins. This special airlift started with one trip a week. I'm told by our ground people that they move on a daily schedule now.

A less macabre, but still grim and serious aspect of the daily activity at Tan Son Nhut is the helicopter airlift of battle casualties. Litter cases are picked up on the spot by chopper, flown to the casualty area—just across the aircraft loading ramp and taxiway from the main passenger terminal—transferred to ambulances and driven to nearby hospitals.

Because of the clockwork efficiency of this system of casualty evacuation, the time from bullet to scalpel has been reduced to mere minutes, with the result that the wounded now enjoy (?) a survival expectancy many times greater than ever before. The people who work at Tan Son Nhut have very little access to local news. However, there is available to them one infallible index as to the tempo of combat activity. They just check the number of choppers bringing in the casualties.

Q ALL IS NOT grim and bloody war, however. Tan Son Nhut manages to present a sunny façade, beaming "business as usual," at least most of the time. The smile has been a bit strained occasionally, as when the Viet Cong dropped 80 mortar rounds last April 13th, or when the odd bomb goes off in the restaurant. The rest of the time the terminal and ramp are the scene of much commercial hustle and bustle.

In addition to regularly scheduled, commercial air operations, the terminal also handles a large and rapidly growing volume of military charter traffic—both passenger and cargo. These flights are operated by various United States carriers, scheduled and non-scheduled. This traffic does not, of course, include the tremendous quantity of men and materiel moved for and by the military by the Military Airlift Command.

Charter flights can, and do, bring in practically anybody and/or anything. Fully equipped combat soldiers, contract and dependent personnel, their personal effects, weapon parts, lettuce, machinery, rocket launchers; the list is endless. I remember one time we brought in a plane load of ladders. Yes, ladders. Ordinary wooden step ladders of the sort that you can buy at any hardware store for five dollars or so. All sizes from six to twelve feet. I didn't bother to count them, but there were well over a thousand. When you consider that the direct operating cost of a jet freighter on a one way trip a third of the way around the world is something on the order of $30,000, you will probably conclude that these ladders must have been rather important to *some*one.

The Air Force details two armed sentries to guard each transiting aircraft. Surprisingly, they consider Saigon duty just as hazardous as patrol operations in the "boonies." Hand grenades tossed into restaurants and bars, knives in the back, and poison hypodermics are considered the most unpleasant perils. Undoubtedly, the "boonies" are, actually, far more dangerous than Saigon or Tan Son Nhut, but it is easy to understand the way these soldiers feel. I fuss around our parked airplane like a mother hen. It is obviously impossible to be perfectly secure against a bomb being slipped aboard, but just the same, I feel a lot better keeping an eye on things. Some of our crews make it a rule not to visit the airport restaurant except one at a time, so as not to put all their eggs in one basket.

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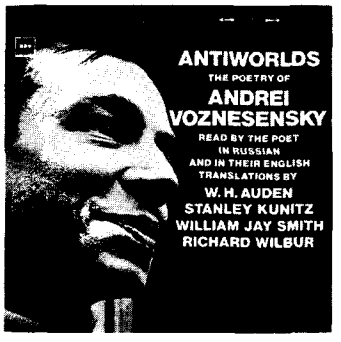

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Mr. Wahle is a civil airline flight engineer for Pan American Airlines.

Opinion:

THE NEW REVOLUTION OF THE HEART

by Peter Viereck

TODAY ALL OVER THE WORLD the fight is for the private life. The fight is for the playful, the dawdling, the warmly concrete; abstract ideologies are Saharas. Yes (to answer a frequent question), there is indeed a real revolt in post-Stalinist literary Russia. But ultimately it is not a political revolt. It is neither pro- nor anti-communist or -capitalist. Some American observers are vulgarizing and oversimplifying it, as they did with Pasternak's *Zhivago,* by seeing it as a *political* revolution—instead of seeing it as a much profounder revolution of the private life against the public lifelessness: the right to loneliness and love and inner poetry against inhuman public sloganizing.

I write this after three visits to the Soviet Union in three successive years: 1961, 1962, 1963. Each visit lasted between one and two months. The trips included not only long stays in Moscow and Leningrad, but trips to meet the poets and students (when possible individually and when necessary in groups) of Georgia, Armenia, the Ukraine, and ancient Asian Uzbekistan. I also spent some six months of 1962–1963 visiting dozens of cities, universities, and remote villages all over the Communist states of Poland, Rumania, and Titoist Yugoslavia, drinking and often arguing with members of dozens of local provincial writers' unions.

So doing, I was on both the giving and receiving end of more than a hundred informal public poetry readings: a unique experience. I found these readings the great rage in the U.S.S.R. and Eastern Europe. From this poetry revival I learned that one kind of boredom can be exciting, namely man's boredom with technical prose and prosaic technology. This creative boredom is the most exciting cultural change I found in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe. It is also a change now needed in America.

The counterpart of the American who revolts against being robotized by advertising slogans is the Russian who revolts against being robotized by political slogans. Both are motivated by a defense of the individual life. In part the same motive made Pasternak write *Doctor Zhivago*.

Communists and anti-communists the world over have their manifestoes. But both are fighting in the area of politics, an area being increasingly bypassed on both sides of the globe, as youth increasingly discovers not merely the self-indulgence but the creativity of the non-political private life.

There is a specter haunting the world, the specter of the revolt of imagination against mechanization and against ideology. On both sides of the cold war there is awakening a free inner life—a "conspiracy of feelings," to quote a prophetic phrase from a 1927 satire by Yuri Olesha.

IN MOSCOW in mid-September, 1961, while the poet Richard Wilbur and I were watching young Yevtushenko at a public poetry reading, we were pleasantly startled when he recognized us and publicly saluted us as brother poets and said he would read in our honor a poem he had composed in America, called "The Harvard Nightingale." At this the whole hall of young people cheered spontaneously. These cheers were not personal; nor were they political; nobody in the room knew or cared whether we were pro- or anti-capitalist or -communist. Deeper than ideology, on the deepest level of human nature, the spontaneity of such cheers represents the new world revolution, the only universal one today, reasserting flesh and blood against official pomposity and the mechanization of man.

The nightingale—of the poem Yevtushenko read to greet us—represents the new world revolution by symbolizing the universal love of beauty, shared by poets on both sides. The shared beauty will triumph, he told us, over what he called the "dacron and nylon" aspects of America, with the clear implication of a similar triumph over a similar materialism in his own society.

To be sure, this mechanization of man is different and more deadly in the East than in the West. In the U.S.S.R. it is inescapable, being direct political mechanization. In America it is escapable, being largely an indirect psychological mechanization by private forces, such as Madison Avenue sub-

CHILDREN in TROUBLE

or who are troubled need special kinds of attention that most schools cannot give. At Green Valley School we have found that when a child lives and works in a democratic community with accepting and caring adults, behavioral problems diminish greatly. It is our goal to educate children, including those considered incorrigible, and our case histories demonstrate that we do this successfully.

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liminal advertising, and the famous "conformers." (Among the latter—that is, among the American conformers—I naturally also include their secret twins: the professional baiters of Madison Avenue and the professional self-styled "nonconformists.")

I use the words "bureaucrat" and "organization man" not literally—almost everybody works in some "organization"—but for a state of mind. It is the state of mind that prefers what is made to what is grown, the metallic to the organic; it sees individuals not as developing creatively from within but as raw material needing to be manipulated from without by some Procrustean blueprint, some so-called improvement. It is at its most honest when openly brutal toward human dignity, so that at least you know where you are at; it is at its trickiest when sugar-coated by unctuous solicitude: "now hold still, this is for your own good." The manipulating and mechanizing and deracinating solicitude may be either the "build a better world" oversimplifications of the East or the oldfashioned Western modernisms of mental-hygiene pieties and shiny plumbing. Comparing them, I know which I prefer politically, but there is not so much difference esthetically between being coerced by the social engineers of the state and being seduced by the entertainment industries of the private ad companies.

In Paris before the war there appeared a little-noted book by Bruno Ricci, called *La Bureaucratisation du Monde*. When I speak of the universal type of the Procrustean bureaucrat, I am accepting in the esthetic and psychological spheres—and solely in those spheres—Ricci's thesis of a worldwide managerialism. He himself applied the thesis less persuasively to political and economic spheres. In the esthetic and psychological, neither America nor the U.S.S.R. has found a cure for the stereotyped Babbitt ugliness brought by the one thing we do equally share: the universal type of the organization man.

This universal type is hell-bent on mechanizing man, on making man the tool of his tools, and on separating him from his traditional roots. As if we were descended from ants instead of apes! In both countries a non-political revolution by outraged human nature is now trying to reassert the simian individualism of the dawdling, playful, creative imagination against the insect togetherness of empty, civic-minded busybodies buzzing in hives. Psychologically there is indeed a *bureaucratisation du monde*. And against it is the worldwide non-political revolution of artists and poets and all leftover ornery, individualist cranks. "There is a specter haunting the world"—the specter of the conspiracy of feelings.

"NOW THEY'VE STARTED talking about feelings!" exults a pro-human, anti-bureaucratic rebel in the novel that gave its name to the whole movement: Ehrenburg's novel of 1954, *The Thaw*.

There are numerous examples of writers less famous than Ehrenburg and Yevtushenko, illustrating how widespread is the return from public to private life. "The writer must avoid like the plague any moralizing or didacticism in the unequivocal adherence to the truth of life—that is the greatest law," one told an interviewer. No Pollyanna. No chirping optimism.

The poem "Ballad of the Robot," by one of the minor Soviet poets, is a revealing example of today's true Russian revolution—not the political communist one but the non-political revolt of Venus against Vulcan, of the heart against technology. The poem describes a supposedly flawless robot with an electronic superbrain, almost an allegory of "the positive hero." The robot gets lost among human beings, falls in love, and pays for this by suddenly collapsing into a heap of metal. A doctor is summoned to determine the cause of death. His verdict? Heart failure! Behold, the new revolution of the heart.

Being non-political, the conspiracy of feelings does not attack the structure of Soviet society, its collectivist economics. Rather, it seeks to establish a new spirit within the existing framework. Consider, for example, a public poetry reading for Moscow youth which I attended in February 1963. One of the biggest responses was evoked by a young poet from Soviet Asia praising the spontaneous sympathies between heart and heart in his rural home. Far from rejecting the Lenin gospel of materialism as incompatible with this conspiracy of feelings, the poet defined the response of heart to heart as the highest form of electricity and concluded amid applause that ultimately this is what Lenin meant by his famous slogan of "rural electrification."

These kindred poems of robot heart failure and rural electrification are object lessons of how the conspiracy of feelings works in actual practice. They involve a perfect understanding between audience and poet, an understanding that would seem almost mystic or telepathic to a Westerner; an understanding of meanings not merely between the lines, but "between the between." The meaning is no longer in words at all, not even symbolic Aesopian words, but in rhythm, tone, mood. Nothing to pin down in cold print. Only to respond to with heart rather than head. And for Russians it has become almost second nature to read (better: feel) between the between. At this tenu-

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ous point, nine-tenths of the message is iceberg-like below the surface of consciousness, in a series of very strategic Freudian slips. In these slips the heart beats out its own Morse code to other hearts—the "electrification" motif again—even while head speaks to head in sincere, tedious, Lenin-quoting clichés of the Establishment.

"RUSSIA'S NON-POLITICAL revolution of the heart reached a turning point, which no pressure or recantation can reverse, when thousands of young Muscovites stood for hours hearing the young poets on an icy day on Mayakovsky Square. I stood among them; it was an event I shall never forget. For the emotions were real and deep, not the superficial and phony reactions aroused by a demagogue or matinee idol; and they were and are not only local Russian emotions but also American and indeed universal, wherever the spirit of poetry is fighting for humanity against the spirit of robotism.

In the 1930's a then leftist political poet wrote in England:

Minute your gesture but it
must be made . . .
Still I drink your health before
The gun-butt raps upon the door.

Today let us repeat these same lines defiantly in a broader, less political sense. In either case the minute necessary gesture is the assertion of human dignity.

Russia's conspiracy of feelings may fail. So may our own parallel revolt against organization men in America. So did Pasternak's hero, Doctor Zhivago, fail. Overwhelmed by a society of metallic stereotypes, the individualistic Zhivago—the man of organic archetypes, the man of creative imagination—died in total defeat, felled in a crowded public conveyance by a heart attack of obviously psychological origin.

In terms of practical power Zhivago failed, and his creator Pasternak failed. But I know of nothing more honorable than failure in such a cause. I know of nothing more honorable and ultimately more fructifying than the conscience-kindling failure of the human spirit against overwhelming material power.

Today the American and Soviet boosters of production quotas like to ridicule the lonely artist for what they both call "failure of nerve." But (to use in a new way a phrase of David Riesman's) what a success-worshipping society most needs today is the nerve of failure. Only the nerve to fail honestly, in resistance to an over-mechanized society, can preserve for society its small flame of creativity, its living core.

The non-ideological writers and poets may fail, but such a cause cannot fail. It cannot fail because, Orwell's *1984* to the contrary, human beings are not ants, not the descendents of insects. They are the descendents of apes, individually playful fantastic apes, with all the crime and folly of such individualism but also with all its potential for free imagination and creative self-sacrifice.

". . . Minute your gesture, but it must be made."

Peter Viereck, poet and essayist, is a professor of Russian and European History at Mount Holyoke College; the article above was adapted from a talk he delivered to the alumnæ and is a preview of his forthcoming book, A New Russian Revolution. *Prof. Viereck received the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry in 1949 for his* Terror and Decorum.

Letters:

CABLE FROM CAMBODIA

SIRS:

I wish to express my sincere thanks for the courageous article [RAMPARTS, April 1966] concerning Washington's aggressive policy toward Cambodia.

Once again you have shown a lucidity and an objectivity which differs radically from the systematic bias of many American newspapers and magazines, which are clearly trying to prepare the opinion of your country for a possible violation of Cambodian neutrality by the American interventionist forces in Southeast Asia.

Your article is thus a source of reassurance for my compatriots and for myself, for it proves to us once again that the cause of Cambodian neutrality has, even in the United States, objective witnesses and convinced defenders.

PRINCE NORODOM SIHANOUK
Chief of State, Cambodia

PASSPORT TO RESPECTABILITY

SIRS:

RAMPARTS deserves much credit for its innovating work in American journalism. It also deserves support for its unpopular views. The great majority of magazine writing and editing done by the Left only serves to satirize itself. Because of this self-negation it does not provoke discussion outside of inbred leftist circles. RAMPARTS seems to take itself seriously. It also seems to recognize the need for a slick format in a culture in which that type of format is the only passport to respectability. A combination of responsible radicalism with the most advanced American marketing techniques does not compromise that radicalism but is a necessity to bring certain topics into more general discussion.

The attacks on RAMPARTS currently being brought by Michigan State University only serve to illustrate the danger of such a magazine to entrenched views. The facts of Michigan State's involvement in the Diem regime have been available for quite a while in a pamphlet published by the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions.

I sincerely hope that you will become a mass medium of your own without retreating from your iconoclastic stance.

R. F. JAFFE
Chicago, Illinois

SIRS:

Congratulations on your splendid article on Senator J. W. Fulbright. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee's televised hearings on Vietnam and China brought some hope to many troubled Americans that a reappraisal of our whole Asian policy might be

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undertaken by the Congress and the Administration. It is tragic that Senator Fulbright is not our secretary of state. Let us hope that Fulbright's courageous decision to bring alternative solutions to light will not fall on deaf ears. The American people still have the right to *think* and to *vote*.

VIRGINIA ANDERSON
Saginaw, Michigan

SIRS:

The intentions which prompted your recent article, "J. William Fulbright, A Profile in Courage," [RAMPARTS, June 1966] are admirable. Senator Fulbright is, to be sure, one of the few men in public office who has tried to question the clichés and untruths which President Johnson has foisted on the country during the past year or so. Such efforts deserve nothing but praise.

But the style of your article all but defeated your purpose.

In a recent article in the New York Review of Books Dwight MacDonald, defending the New Yorker, used the term "para-journalism" to describe such writing. It reads, on the surface, like vivid journalistic writing. But it includes, along with details which may well be factually accurate, things which the reporter could not possibly have observed. "Para-journalism," in the hands of a master, makes it impossible to distinguish fact from fiction; its overall effect is carefully designed, however, to produce anything but an unbiased response in its readers.

This is the prose style of Time magazine. Time doubtlessly uses this style in the service of confusion and half-truth; this does not give RAMPARTS the right to use the same style on the side of reason and honesty. The picture you try to draw of Fulbright is that of a man who, more than any other virtue, prizes intellectual honesty. It is sadly ironic that you should have done so in such an intellectually dishonest manner.

DANIEL COREN
Berkeley, California

SIRS:

Page one of the April 1966 issue of RAMPARTS carries the following statement: "In the week after RAMPARTS published its massive study of the civic disaster that is Oakland [RAMPARTS, February 1966] two things of interest occurred: 1) the mayor resigned, and 2) the police chief quit."

May I suggest that you try your luck on Los Angeles? If you should meet with such crowning success there, I feel confident that you should be awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. If you go down there, make sure you administer the coup de grâce to old Cardinal McIntyre. They goofed at Vatican Council II.

DOUGLAS C. FORD
Honolulu, Hawaii

SIRS:

Your April 1966 issue contains serious distortions of my views of the modern American university.

On page 14, RAMPARTS states that "Clark Kerr . . . first came up with the vision of the large university as a 'service station' to society." That "vision" is not mine but Abraham Flexner's of 36 years ago. It was cited by me—in quotation marks and with clear identification—in my first Godkin Lecture. Moreover, Flexner did not like the "vision," nor do I.

On page 22, RAMPARTS says, "The students are, in Clark Kerr's idiom, only the 'raw material' that has to be processed." I don't know exactly whose idiom that is, but again it isn't mine. I have never used such a phrase for the logical reason that I have never entertained such a concept. On the contrary, I have stated in *The Uses of the University* that among the problems of consequence to be faced by universities is "how to treat the individual student as a unique human being in the mass student body."

At the University of California we are busy exploring possible approaches to the urgent problem of better undergraduate instruction through such methods as increased use of undergraduate seminars, independent study, honors program, experimental curricula, and undergraduate residential colleges as on our new Santa Cruz and San Diego campuses. These developments scarcely result from a view of students as mere "raw material."

RAMPARTS, in its attempt to be provocative and stimulating, ought not to neglect the other journalistic virtues of accuracy and responsibility. Both the references to views I am said to hold are totally inaccurate and irresponsible.

CLARK KERR
President, University of California

CONTROVERSY OVER CLEAVER

SIRS:

After reading the review of James Baldwin's work by Mr. E. Cleaver [RAMPARTS, June 1966], I suggest you seriously reconsider your role in the magazine hierarchy. Not that this article did not have some merit, for it did. Many of Mr. Cleaver's comments are acute and valuable and it is possible that he is correct. Also there seem to be a few forums today in which the Negro writers can debate the clash in ideology that exists between them today. However, this particular article, though well phrased, was long, torturous, and, on the whole, tasteless. I do not particularly care to wade through reams of Mr. Cleaver's petulant defenses of his own manhood, nor do I care to read through volumes of legal slander to see if salient points may be made later.

Slander in itself, especially uninteresting slander, couched in vulgarity, is very boring. By eliminating redundancies, one would not have had to labor

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over the article to find the precious little that was worthwhile.

W. TRENTON HENDRICKS
Subscription No. 6610E
Trenton, New Jersey

Eldridge Cleaver
c/o RAMPARTS
Dear Eldridge:

Your article, "Notes on a Native Son," made me happy that as beautiful a man as you could be alive.

Here is a flower.

BRIGID BRINE
Rye, New York

SIRS:

It seems to me, we have a problem. How to get Eldridge Cleaver out.

KRIS NEVILLE
Los Angeles, California

SIRS:

Paul Jacobs' presentation of Eldridge Cleaver's arrogant whimperings is inexcusable.

It is very simple to understand Cleaver's tendencies toward self-compassion. But the psychotic white man who constantly wars on reason; presumes to rectify the fumblings of God and Mother Nature; would repeal the law of gravity and make all men equal by pulling the highest down to the level of the lowest—now a reasonable possibility—is beyond analysis!

If all men are equal—deep inside are brothers—we are lucky that some are more equal than others.

BOB OAKES
Ashland, Oregon

SIRS:

Is the article by Eldridge Cleaver your idea of good taste? Does a life of crime prepare one for a career in writing? Should mature adults take seriously the shock phrases and whining babble of society's misfits?

Should we take seriously their juvenile message that since they do not measure up to the standards of our society—then our society must be all wrong? These are the whimperings of a con artist.

Should a man and his family be subjected to such filth in the name of literary criticism, free speech, or the Negro revolt?

CHARLES WATERS
Ewen, Michigan

SIRS:

I am a new subscriber to RAMPARTS. I find your magazine rude, insolent and argumentative. In short, it is about the best investment I ever made.

JOHN P. JARVIS
Garden Grove, California

PEOPLE SERVED UP NIGHTLY

SIRS:

RAMPARTS' art work leaves me cold, but its guts are the juice of life.

Through you, I have met some remarkable thoughts: the clear statements of Frantz Fanon. Camilo Torres, Christian Geissler's America—Nazified. The courageous report of Donald Duncan.

My neighbors can digest their dinners while viewing the anguish of little brown people spitted, broiled, and served up nightly—dispassionately—by TV news. My neighbors' eyes only water and wander. "Scratch the thin cover of dung on the sand of our convictions? We have a big investment in dung and sand and blood. It's the American Way. It's the Great Society. So, shaddup!"

LOUIS B. MULVEY
Cathedral City, California

SIRS:

I would like to make a brief comment concerning "Amerika Uber Alles" by Christian Geissler [RAMPARTS, April 1966]. It is my feeling that his exposition of our moral stance, or lack of it, in Vietnam is extremely striking. Although we as a nation have no overt gas chambers here or in Vietnam and have made no manifest statements advocating genocide, the result morally and ethically is the same. I would sincerely hope that members of the present Administration would read his opinions in their entirety. It might not bring about any positive reformation in policy but at least they would be unable to say that they were unaware of such implications.

BRUCE CAMPBELL
Welfare Island, New York

SIRS:

New York City is always the whipping boy [Totalitarian Capital with Acanthus: RAMPARTS, April 1966]. It's buildings are monoliths and ugly—I'm sure that comment was hurled at the Flatiron Building and even City Hall at one time or another. New York has always been big and ugly, quote the critics; and I admit more than just a grain or two of truth. However, I think that New York is a jewel compared with our non-urban "development." A "developer" buys a large parcel of land and develops (rapes) it. And should you think this poor taste, what do you say of those who call these ubiquitous ranches and splits their homes? These non-urban areas are so well planned that should a resident care to see two trees standing together, he must go to a city park or into some rare nondeveloped area.

If you wish to view totalitarianism, take yourself to the suburbs.

WALTER TYSZKA
New York City

SIRS:

It's been some time since I've enjoyed a cartoon as much as I did in RAMPARTS, April 1966. The Crocodile fits Lyndon Johnson to a "T."

GORDON PEDERSEN
San Francisco, California

SIRS:

I have been increasingly impressed not only with the quality and documentation of your reporting, but with the excellence of the writing in *all* sections of the magazine. I have never before seen an American magazine cover such a wide scope of material without degenerating into the Newsweek–Time kind of superficial and homogeneous articles after a few years. Somehow, you have managed to maintain a sense of humor and objectivity, to write with wit and good English, to cover everything from factual reporting to creative, imaginative thinking, all with equal excellence.

Thank you for what I consider to be categorically the finest magazine printed in the United States today.

SHEILA QUINN
Portland, Oregon

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[Turn the Page]

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What Uncle Sam Doesn't Know About Donald Figg Won't Hurt Him by Donald Figg

I TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS about 2 a.m. I think Goodfellow had already fallen asleep. He was fully dressed, on a foldup cot in the center of the studio room. That's the way Goodfellow slept, clothes on. I laid on my back, on my bed, watching bizarre evasive figures of studio objects invented by the light shooting in through the framed window. I fell asleep.

I woke up about 5:30 a.m. I pushed the alarm button set to ring at 6:00. I pushed out of bed, feeling used, went to the bathroom, rubbed cold water vigorously into my face, and got dressed feeling wasted.

I took four peyote plants out of a brown paper bag, cut off the top of each one, and chopped them up small with a long stainless steel bread knife. The pint of chocolate-vanilla-strawberry ice cream I had bought the night before was in a semi-liquid state and warm. I poured it over the chopped peyote and mixed the two things in a soup bowl. I sat down on my bed to eat-drink it. It tasted vile.

I almost puked. The twilight poured silently through the window into the room. I finished eating and pocketed a paper I received from the draft board.

Goodfellow hadn't moved. I went out, down the landing and onto the street. Listlessly I walked in the downtown neighborhood through the mist and twilight and tiredly sat down on a doorstep. I watched the early morning traffic go to work down Chestnut Street running toward the sun. A half hour later I got up and walked 12 grey blocks to the train station. At 7:30 I was feeling a little alive and boarded a train for Somewhereville. As the train moved out of its sewerish terminal I knew I was entering another world, the Peyote Galaxy. I felt huge physically and nonexistent mentally. I could feel the gears of my physiognomy flapping slowly and mysteriously. With speed the train rocked and panted and I began to feel nauseous, a queer nausea. I waited to vomit. Vomit over the red corduroy seat onto the linoleum floor down the aisle. I knew that it would be nice to puke in the men's room at the tail end of the car in the white porcelain toilet but I looked at the physical effort of getting there as being impossible. I knew that if I vomited I would never reach the summit of the peyote mystery. I thought the train ride would never end. Throwing up I looked out the window at myself through trees, roads, sky, homes, meads, clouds. This ride would never stop.

When it did my stomach vertigo did also. Then I realized as I walked away from the train stop, I felt it: the peyote had me by the scrotum. I was into the peyote world and the only way out would be time — a timeless time. I walked toward my destination (the Army hospital) through the small town of Somewhereville. I walked leisurely and easily; as I walked I recorded what composed the town, but my recording was indiscriminate and random. What I registered I ascribed no value to: everything was equal; nothing was significant of anything. The Woolworth dime store, a pink wad of squashed gum on the sidewalk, a stately gas pump, a squat fire plug, a tall tree, a small boy, a burlesque policeman, a sagacious dog. I had no hierarchy. A dime store equalled a dog, and a tree equalled me. I was conscious of my new reality, and had no inclination to alter it. I walked onward, almost smirking, a pin and a king.

I FOUND THE HOSPITAL after walking 3,000 miles; sweating and limp, I was admitted and shown to the neurology division. A frail meticulous man in a white smock admitted-greeted me and asked me to be seated in a good posture chair next to his desk. He loaded his typewriter with a form to be filled out about me and asked, "What is your name please?"

Not answering I handed him my draft board slip of paper containing information about myself. From it he copied my name, address, age . . . I was dazed and looked straight ahead at a white wall, disregarding him thoroughly. A few moments of silence followed, disturbed only by the inadvertent pounding of typewriter keys. When he completed the form I felt him (by peripheral vision) looking at me. He asked cautiously, "Warm day isn't it?"

I continued staring forward, motionless, speechless.

He plotted my skull into 22 areas, attaching a wire to the surface of each area and recording the brain waves of each section electronically, on a graph. Throughout the entire electroencephalogram I did not speak a word, nor look at the man. I was vegetable-like. At the completion of the exam the wires were removed, my head was washed and I was shown to a waiting room, being treated as if a phenomenon under observation in a test tube.

In the waiting room I sat in an octopus red leather sofa, alone, deranged, laughing a little hopelessly, with satis-

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faction. After 45 years (perhaps minutes) of sitting, a swollen, huge, white, immaculate doctor approached me and escorted me through his office door from which hung a sign reading NEUROLOGY. "Right this way Donald, please be seated."

He was cordial, gracious, exuberant, euphemistic, well-adjusted, a Jewish New Yorker, a clinical master of ceremonies. I sat down, saintly clasped my hands on my lap, my head stoically forward, my eyes focused on the floor before me. The doctor sat behind his desk, leaned back in his swivel chair, looked appraisingly at me and asked hospitally, "Tell me Donald, why are you here?" I noticed that my white slip of paper had been transferred to his desk, and knowing that it bore the information he asked for, I pointed to it and said, "Because of this."

He looked at it.

"But what is the reason for your being here?"

"Because I had two epileptic fits."

"And where did you have them, Donald, please."

"Ibiza and Lisbon."

"Pardon? Where?"

"Ibiza, Spain and Lisbon, Portugal."

"Oh, you were in Europe. How long were you there?"

"Seven months."

"Did you see a doctor after the fits?"

"No."

"Why didn't you Donald?"

"I don't know any there."

"Can you describe them please? The fits."

"Yes."

"Will you please do so then?"

(After several seconds my mouth fell open and speaking with total detachment and disinterest I said,) "I felt weak . . . I fell down and blanked out . . . When I came to I was nervous and gesticulating slightly . . . and I was in a hot and cold sweat."

"Donald how do you know they were epileptic?"

"I was with people who told me they were."

"Did you lose control of your urine?"

(I shook my head no.)

He looked at me and waited silently for me to volunteer or clarify something. Squinting and staring discreetly, he wanted me to acknowledge his presence by looking at him. But I couldn't, and didn't want to. I didn't want to think about my not wanting to.

"How far did you advance in school?"

"College."

"Which college?"

"P.M.C.A."

"Which?"

"Philadelphia Museum College of Art."

"What did you study?"

"Painting."

"And do you paint now?"

(I nodded yes.)

"What do you paint?"

(I looked at him then for the first time, severely and penetratingly, and did not answer.)

"What kind of painting do you paint?"

(My eyes left him, and returned to the floor.) "Non-representational."

"What kind of painting is that?"

(My mind was a complete blank. Then I looked directly into his bulbous brown eyes.) "Non-representational is ambiguous terminology applied to the type of painting in which the subject matter is not readily equatable or easily correlated with the normally optically perceived world."

The doctor again probed, "Are you religious?"

(?)

"No."

"Have you ever had an occasion whereupon you thought God or a Superior Being was speaking directly to you?"

(!)

"No."

"Have you ever had an experience, Donald, that you felt was so profound or moving that you felt incapable of expressing it in words?"

"Yes." (My mind still frozen, my body still passive.)

"Then tell me about it, Donald, please."

"When I stood in front of the Acropolis for the first time and when I stood in front of the Poseidon for the first time."

"And what did you feel?"

"It's inexplicable."

(?)

"Have you ever had a great desire to reconstruct the proportions or perspective geometry of a landscape or piece of architecture, and paint it in a highly personal and different mannerism?"

(?)

"No."

"Have you ever been under psychiatric care?"

"No."

"How do you feel about the armed services?"

"I don't care."

"Have you ever suffered from headache?"

"Yes."

"In what part of your head did the pain present itself?"

"The forehead."

"I see. What kind of pain was it, Donald? What was the pain like?"

(??)

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"Oh man, how do I talk about pain man?"

"I see . . . When do your headaches appear . . . in the evening? After eating? During mental activity?"

. . .

"I've attempted equating the headaches with external activity but I've been unable to draw any consistent relationships; they appear at varied times inconsistently and . . ."

"Do you live at home?"

"No."

"Where do you live?"

"Alone."

"How did you get here?"

"Train."

"Do you have a way to go home?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"Train."

"Do you have a ticket?"

"Yes."

"Do you have a job?"

"No."

"Are you looking for one?"

"No."

"What are you going to do?"

"Paint."

"How long were you in Europe?"

"Long."

"Do you paint very often?"

"Yes."

"For long periods of time? Did you ever paint for as long as eight hours?"

"Yes."

"Did you meet any people in Europe?"

"Yes."

. . .

"Did you meet any girls in Europe?"

"Yes."

"Do you have any friends?"

"Yes."

He sighed, reclining in his swivel chair.

"*Well I don't want to pry into your personal life.*"

HE GOT UP ANGUISHED and almost resigned and told me "not to move," that he would return in a few minutes. He left the room, the small, square, sterile clinical room. After he had gone my head turned toward his desk and my eyes noticed the results of the electroencephalogram test which were "Normal" and I regained my passive posture before he returned again, this time with another doctor. I heard them enter but did not move anything of myself to recognize their admittance. My doctor friend introduced me to his colleague by way of formal greeting to which I raised a limp hand, my eyes still down, the remainder of my body still inanimate. Neither of them said anything for a number of years and then the newly arrived doctor said aggressively, "How many seizures have you had Donald? Two?"

(I raised my head slowly and with sincerity and innocence looked into the first doctor's face and said,) "Is he talking about the same thing we are talking about?"

"Yes," he said with compassion.

"Yes," I said.

"Did you lose control of your urine or bite your tongue in either case?"

"I think we talked before on these words," (said I seriously, and naive).

The two doctors looked at each other and then, "I feel as though we had better go ahead as planned." (And with this assertion the doctor's colleague departed offering a final "good-bye" to which I said,)

" ."

The remaining doctor reassumed his position in his swivel chair, thought, and said, "Donald . . . I feel that I should advise you that if in the future you have any further symptoms of deficient equilibrium . . . seizures or whatever . . . that you consult a psychiatrist. You have been sent here under suspicion of being . . . or ah . . . having epileptic tendencies; however the electroencephalogram gives no conclusive evidence of this suspicion, and from what we can gather we cannot be sure that what you have previously suffered were, in fact, epileptic fits. In the light of insufficient evidence we can only therefore classify you as being subject to fainting spells . . . for all intents and purposes. Also, I don't suppose that you care, but as far as your military obligation is concerned you are ineligible, and will be classified as 4-F. So the best of luck to you Donald . . . you may leave now Donald . . ."

(I didn't move.)

"By the way, it's about noon time now, and I believe that we are having . . . ah chop suey . . . yes chop suey for lunch today, so that if you like you may stay for lunch; of course you know how the Army food is . . . can't say it will be very good . . . can't promise anything, but it's up to you."

(I didn't move.)

"If not, you may go."

(I got up slowly, opened the door slowly,—he said "good-bye"—and left.)

Donald Figg has lived for 26 years without being drafted. So far.

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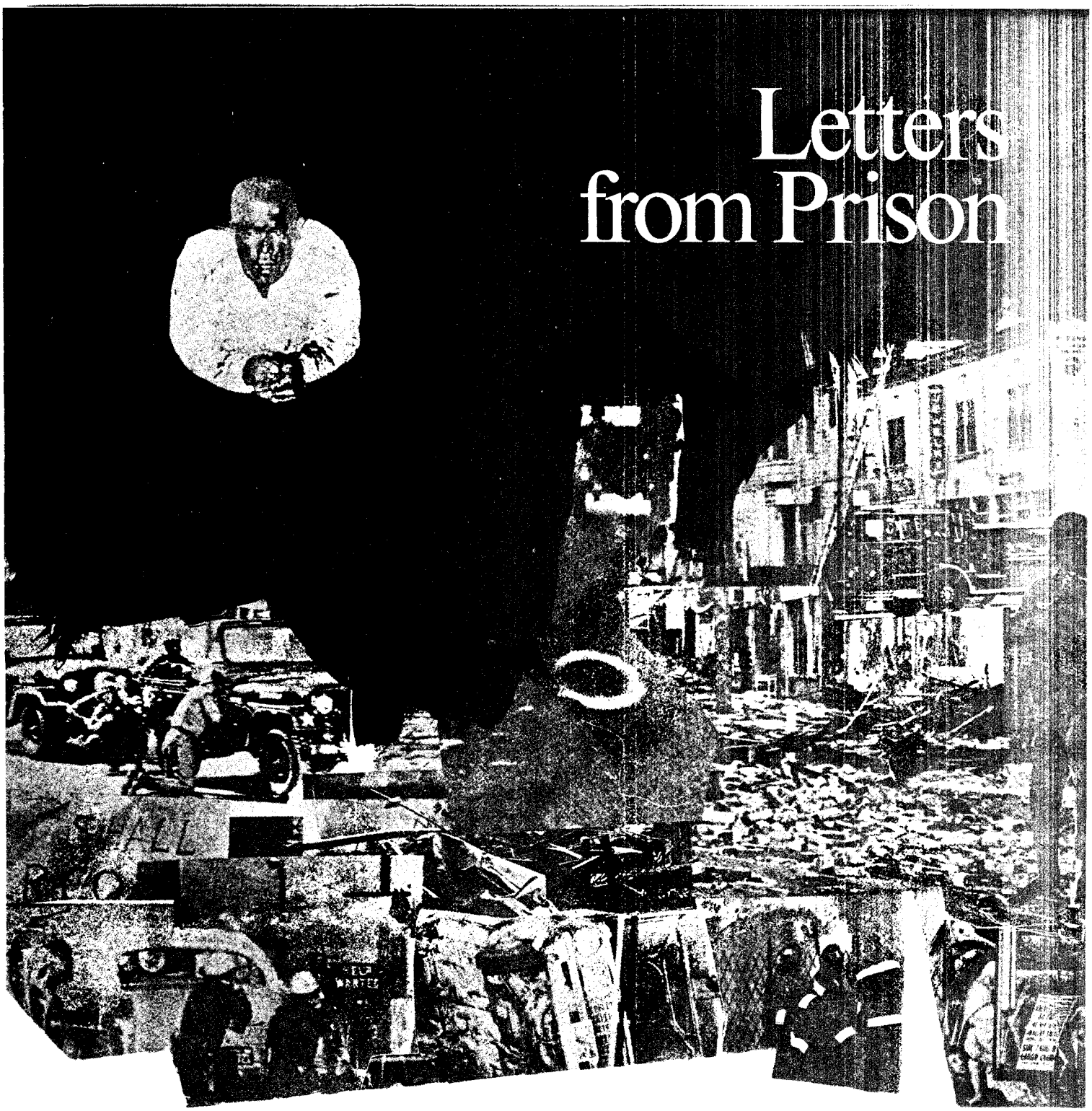
Letters from Prison



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Sorties in Mad Babylon

Eldridge Cleaver, author of Notes on a Native Son (RAMPARTS, *June 1966*), *has served eight years of a one-to-fourteen-year sentence in various California prisons. The editors are pleased to present a selection of letters from this extraordinary writer to his lawyer, Beverly Axelrod of San Francisco.*

[On Becoming]

Folsom Prison, June 25, 1965

NINETEEN FIFTY FOUR, when I was 18 years old, is held to be a crucial turning point in the history of the Afro-American—for the USA as a whole—the year segregation was outlawed by the U.S. Supreme Court. It was also a crucial year for me because on June 18, 1954, I began serving a sentence in state prison for possession of marijuana.

The Supreme Court decision was only one month old when I entered prison, and I do not believe that I had even the vaguest idea of its importance or historical significance. But later, the acrimonious controversy ignited by the end of the separate but equal doctrine was to have a profound effect on me, for this controversy awakened me to my position in America and I began to form a concept of what it meant to be black in white America. Of course I'd always known that I was black, but I'd never really stopped to take stock of what I was involved in. I met life as an individual and took my chances. Prior to 1954, we lived in an atmosphere of novocain. Negroes found it necessary, in order to maintain whatever sanity they could, to remain somewhat aloof and detached from "the problem." We accepted indignities and the mechanics of the apparatus of oppression without reacting by sitting-in or holding mass demonstrations. Nurtured by the fires of controversy over segregation, I was soon aflame with indignation over my newly discovered social status, and inwardly I turned away from America with horror, disgust, and outrage.

In Soledad state prison, I fell in with a group of young blacks who, like myself, were in vociferous rebellion against what we perceived as a continuation of slavery on a higher plane. We cursed everything American—including baseball and hotdogs. All respect we may have had for politicians, preachers, lawyers, governors, Presidents, senators, congressmen was utterly destroyed as we watched them temporizing and compromising over right and wrong, over legality and illegality, over constitutionality and unconstitutionality. We knew that in the end what they were clashing over was us, what to do with the blacks, and whether or not to start treating them as human beings. I despised all of them. I had gotten caught with a shopping bag full of marijuana, a shopping bag full of love—I was in love with the weed and I did not for one minute think that anything was wrong with getting high; I had been getting high for four or five years and was convinced, with the zeal of a crusader, that marijuana was superior to lush—yet the rulers of the land seemed all to be lushes.

While all this was going on, our group was espousing blatant atheism. Unsophisticated and not based on any philosophical rationale, our atheism was pragmatic and only confirmed what I had more or less come to believe: there is no God; if there is, men do not know anything about him. Therefore, all religions were phony—which made all preachers and priests, in our eyes, fakers, including the ones scurrying around the prison who, curiously, could put in a good word for you with the Almighty Creator of the universe, but couldn't get anything down with the warden or parole board—they could usher you through the Pearly Gates *after you were dead*, but not through the prison gate *while you were still alive and kicking*. Besides, men of the cloth who work in prisons have an ineradicable stigma attached to them in the eyes of convicts because they are instrumental in escorting condemned men into the gas chamber. Such men of God are powerful arguments in favor of atheism. Our atheism was a source of enormous pride to me.

Through reading I was amazed to discover how confused people were. I had thought that out there, beyond the horizon of my own ignorance, unanimity existed, that

Lithographs by Arthur Secunda

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even though I myself didn't know what was happening in the universe, other people certainly did. Yet here I was discovering that the whole USA was in a chaos of disagreement over segregation/integration. In these circumstances I decided that the only safe thing for me to do was go for myself. It became clear that it was possible for me to take the initiative: instead of simply *reacting* I could *act*. I could unilaterally—whether anyone agreed with me or not—repudiate all allegiances, morals, values—even while continuing to exist within this society. My mind would be free and no power in the universe could force me to accept something if I didn't want to. But I would take my own sweet time. That, too, was a part of my new freedom. I would accept nothing until it was proved that it was good—for me. I became an extreme iconoclast. Any affirmative assertion made by anyone around me became a target for tirades of criticism and denunciation.

I attacked all forms of piety, loyalty and sentiment. As I pranced about, club in hand, seeking new idols to smash, I encountered really for the first time in my life, with any seriousness, The Ogre, rising up before me in a mist. I discovered, with alarm, that The Ogre possessed a tremendous and dreadful power over me, and I didn't understand this power or why I was at its mercy. I tried to repudiate The Ogre, root it out of my heart as I had done to God, Constitution, principles, morals and values—but The Ogre had its claws buried in the core of my being and refused to let go. I fought frantically to be free, but The Ogre only mocked me and sank its claws deeper into my soul. I knew then that I had found an important key, that if I conquered The Ogre and broke its power over me I would be free. But I also knew that it was a race against time and that if I did not win I would certainly be broken and destroyed. I, a black man, confronted The Ogre—the white woman.

It is understandable that in prison those things withheld from and denied to the prisoner become precisely what he wants most of all. Because we were locked up in our cells before darkness fell, I used to lie awake at night racked by painful craving to take a leisurely stroll under the stars, or to go to the beach, to drive a car on a freeway, to grow a beard, or to make love to a woman.

In the process of enduring my confinement, I decided to get myself a "pin-up" girl to paste on the wall of my cell. I would fall in love with her and lavish my affections upon her. She, a symbolic representative of the forbidden tribe of women, would sustain me until I was free. Out of the center of Esquire, I married a voluptuous bride. Our marriage went along swell for a time: no quarrels, no complaints. And then, one evening when I came in from school, I was shocked and enraged to find that the guard had entered my cell, ripped my Sugar from the wall, torn her into little pieces, and left the pieces floating in the commode: it was like seeing a dead body floating in a lake. Giving her a proper burial, I flushed the commode. As the saying goes, I sent her to Long Beach. But I was genuinely beside myself with anger: almost every cell, excepting those of the homosexuals, had a "pin-up" girl on the wall and the guards didn't bother them. Why, I asked the guard the next day, had he singled me out for special treatment?

"Don't you know we have a rule against pasting up pictures on the walls?" he asked me.

"Later for the rules," I said. "You know as well as I do that that rule is not enforced."

"Tell you what," he said, smiling at me (the smile put me on my guard), "I'll compromise with you: get yourself a colored girl for a pin-up—no white women—and I'll let it stay up. Is that a deal?"

I WAS MORE embarrassed than shocked. He was laughing in my face. I called him two or three dirty names and walked away. I can still vividly recall his big, moon-face, grinning at me over yellow teeth. The disturbing part about the whole incident was that a terrible feeling of guilt came over me as I realized that I had chosen the picture of the white girl over the available pictures of black girls. I tried to rationalize it away, but I was fascinated by the truth involved. Why hadn't I thought about it in this light before? So I took hold of the question and began to inquire into my feelings. Was it true, did I really prefer white girls over black? The conclusion was clear and inescapable: I did. I decided to check out my friends on this point and it was easy to determine, from listening to their general conversation, that the white woman indeed occupied a peculiarly prominent place in all of our frames of reference.

One afternoon, when there was a large group of Negroes on the prison yard shooting the breeze, I grabbed the floor and posed the question: which did they prefer, white women or black? Some said Japanese women were their favorite, others said Chinese, some said European women, others said Mexican women—they all stated a preference, and they generally freely admitted their dislike for black women.

"I don't want nothing black but a Cadillac," said one.

"If money was black I wouldn't want none of it," put in another.

A short little stud, who was a very good lightweight boxer with a little man's complex that made him love to box heavyweights, jumped to his feet. He had a yellowish complexion and we called him Butterfly.

"All you niggers are sick!" Butterfly spat out. "I don't like no stinking white woman. My grandma is a white woman and I don't even like her!"

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But it just so happened that Butterfly's crime partner was in the crowd, and after Butterfly had his say, his crime partner said, "Aw sit down and quit that lying, lil ol chump. What about that grey girl in San Jose who had your nose wide open? Did you like her, or were you just running after her with your tongue hanging out of your head because you hated her?"

From our discussion, which began that evening and has never yet ended, we went on to notice how thoroughly, as a matter of course, a black growing up in America is indoctrinated with the white race's standard of beauty. Not that the whites made a calculated effort to do this, we thought, but since they constituted the majority, the whites brainwashed the blacks by the very processes the whites employed to indoctrinate themselves with their own group standards. It intensified my frustrations to know that I was indoctrinated to see the white woman as more desirable than my own black woman. It drove me into books seeking light on the subject. In Richard Wright's *Native Son*, I found Bigger Thomas and a keen insight into the problem.

My interest in this area persisted undiminished and then, in 1955, an event took place in Mississippi which turned me inside out: Emmett Till, a young Negro down from Chicago on a visit, was murdered, allegedly for flirting with a white woman. He had been shot, his head crushed from repeated blows with a blunt instrument, and his badly decomposed body was recovered from the river with a heavy weight secured on it. I was, of course, duly angry over the whole bit, but one day I saw in a magazine a picture of the white woman with whom Emmett Till was said to have flirted. While looking at the picture, I felt that little tension in the center of my chest which I experience when a woman appeals to me. I was disgusted and angry with myself. Here was a woman who had caused the death of a black, possibly because, when he looked at her, he also felt the same tensions of lust and desire in his chest—and probably for the same general reasons that I felt them. It was all utterly unacceptable to me. I looked at the picture again and again, and in spite of everything and against my will and the hate I felt for the woman and all that she represented, she appealed to me. I flew into a rage at myself, at America, at white women, at the history that had placed those tensions of lust and desire in my chest.

During this period, I was concentrating my reading in the field of economics. Having previously dabbled in the theories and writings of Rousseau, Thomas Paine, and Voltaire, I had added a little polish to my iconoclastic stance. In economics, because everybody seemed to find it necessary to attack and condemn Karl Marx, I sought out his books, and although he kept me with a headache, I took him for my authority. I was not prepared to understand him, but I was able to see in him a thoroughgoing critique and condemnation of capitalism. It was like taking medicine for me to find that, indeed, American capitalism was deserving of all the hatred and contempt that I felt for it in my heart. This had a positive, stabilizing effect upon me, to an extent—because I was not about to become stable—and it diverted me from my previous preoccupation: morbid broodings on the black man and the white woman. Pursuing my readings into the history of socialism, I read, with very little understanding, some of the passionate, exhortatory writings of Lenin; and I fell in love with Bakunin and Nechayev's Catechism of the Revolutionist—the principles of which, along with some of Machiavelli's advice, I sought to incorporate into my own behavior. I took the "Catechism" for my bible and, standing on a one-man platform that had nothing to do with the reconstruction of society, I began consciously incorporating these principles into my daily life, to employ tactics of ruthlessness in my dealings with everyone with whom I came into contact. And I began to look at white America through these new eyes.

Somehow I arrived at the conclusion that, as a matter of principle, it was of paramount importance for me to have an antagonistic, ruthless attitude toward white women. The term "outlaw" appealed to me and at the time my parole date was drawing near, I considered myself to be mentally free—I was an "outlaw." I had stepped outside of the white man's law, which I repudiated with scorn and self-satisfaction. I became a law unto myself—my own legislature, my own supreme court, my own executive. At the moment I walked out of the prison gate, my feelings toward white women in general could be summed up in the following lines:

TO A WHITE GIRL

I love you
Because you're white,
Not because you're charming
Or bright.
Your brightness
Is a silky thread
Snaking through my thoughts
In redhot patterns
Of lust and desire.

I hate you
Because you're white.
Your white meat
Is nightmare food.
White is
The skin of Evil.

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You're my Moby Dick,
White Witch,
Symbol of the rope and hanging tree,
Of the burning cross.

Loving you thus
And hating you so,
My heart is torn in two.
Crucified.

I became a rapist. To refine my technique and *modus operandi*, I started out by practicing on black girls in the ghetto—in the black ghetto where dark and vicious deeds appear not as aberrations or deviations from the norm, but as part of the sufficiency of the Evil of a day—and when I considered myself smooth enough, I crossed the tracks and sought out white prey. I did this consciously, deliberately, willfully, and methodically—though looking back I see that I was in a frantic, wild and completely abandoned frame of mind. It seemed to me that the act of rape was an insurrectionary act. It delighted me that I was defying and trampling upon the white man's law, upon his system of values, and that I was defiling his women—and this point, I believe, was the most satisfying to me because I was very resentful over the historical fact of how the white man has used the black woman. I felt I was getting revenge. From the site of the act of rape, consternation spreads outwardly in concentric circles. I wanted to send waves of consternation throughout the white race. Recently, I came upon a quotation from one of LeRoi Jones' poems, taken from his book, *The Dead Lecturer:*

A cult of death,
need of the simple striking arm under
the street lamp. The cutters from under
their rented earth. Come up, black dada
nihilismus. Rape the white girls. Rape
their fathers. Cut the mothers' throats.

I have lived those lines and I know that if I had not been apprehended I would have slit some white throats. There are, of course, many young blacks out there right now who are slitting white throats and raping the white girl. They are not doing this because they read LeRoi Jones' poetry, as some of his critics seem to believe. Rather, LeRoi is expressing the funky facts of life.

After I returned to prison, I took a long look at myself and for the first time in my life I admitted that I was wrong, that I had gone astray—astray not so much from the white man's law as from being human, civilized—for I could not approve the act of rape. Even though I had some insight into my own motivations, I did not feel justified and I lost my self-respect. My pride as a man dissolved and my whole fragile moral structure seemed to collapse, completely shattered.

And that is why I started to write. To save myself.

I had to seek out the truth and unravel the tangled web of my motivations. I had to find out who I am and what I wanted to be, what type of man I should be, and what I could do to become the best of which I was capable. I understood that what had happened to me had also happened to countless other blacks and it would happen to many, many more. I believe that a true understanding of this problem is a must for our nation—yes, I am concerned with this nation—about what is happening to us.

I learned that I had been taking the easy way out, running away from problems. I also learned that it is easier to do evil than it is to do good. And I have been terribly impressed by the youth of America, black and white. I am proud of them because they have reaffirmed my faith in humanity. I have come to feel what must be love for the young people of America and I want to be part of the good and greatness that they want for all people. From my prison cell, I have watched America slowly coming awake. It is not fully awake yet, but there is soul in the air and everywhere I see beauty. I have watched the sit-ins, the freedom rides, the Mississippi Blood Summers, demonstrations all over the country, the FSM movement, the teach-ins and the mounting protest over Lyndon Strangelove's foreign policy—all of this, the thousands of little details, show me it is time to straighten up and fly right. That is why I decided to concentrate on my writings and efforts in this area. We are a very sick country—I perhaps am sicker than most.

What must be done, I believe, is that all these problems —particularly the sickness between the white woman and the black man—must be brought out into the open, dealt with and resolved. I know that the black man's sick attitude toward the white woman is a revolutionary sickness: it keeps him perpetually out of harmony with the system that is oppressing him. Many whites flatter themselves that the Negro male's lust for the white dream girl is purely an esthetic attraction, but nothing could be further from the truth. His motivation is often of such a bloody, hateful, bitter and malignant nature that whites would really be hard pressed to find it flattering.

I have discussed these points with prisoners who were convicted of rape, and their motivations are very plain. But they are reluctant to discuss these things with the white men who, by and large, make up the prison staffs. I believe that in the experience of these men lies the knowledge and wisdom that must be utilized to help other youngsters who are heading in the same direction. I think all of us, the entire nation, will be better off if we bring it all up front. A lot of people's feelings will be hurt, but that is the price that must be paid.

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[On Watts]

Folsom Prison, August 16, 1965

AS WE LEFT THE MESS HALL Sunday morning and milled around in the prison yard, after four days of abortive uprising in Watts, a group of low riders[1] from Watts assembled on the basketball court. They were wearing jubilant, triumphant smiles, animated by a vicarious spirit by which they, too, were in the thick of the uprising taking place hundreds of miles away to the south in the Watts ghetto.

"Man," said one, "what they doing out there? Break it down for me baby."

They slapped each other's outstretched palms in a cool salute and burst out laughing with joy.

"Home boy, them Brothers is taking care of Business!" shrieked another ecstatically.

Then one low rider, stepping into the center of the circle formed by the others, rared back on his legs and swaggered, hunching his belt up with his forearms as he'd seen James Cagney and George Raft do in too many gangster movies. I joined the circle. Sensing a creative moment in the offing, we all got very quiet, very still, and others passing by joined the circle and did likewise.

"Baby," he said, "They walking in fours and kicking in doors; dropping Reds[2] and busting heads; drinking wine and committing crime, shooting and looting; high-siding[3] and low-riding, setting fires and slashing tires; turning over cars and burning down bars; making Parker mad and making me glad; putting an end to that 'go slow' crap and putting sweet Watts on the map—my black ass is in Folsom this morning but my black heart is in Watts!" Tears of joy were rolling from his eyes.

It was a cleansing, revolutionary laugh we all shared, something we have not often had occasion for.

Watts was a place of shame. We used to use Watts as an epithet in much the same way as city boys used "country" as a term of derision. To deride one as a "lame," who did not know what was happening (a rustic bumpkin), the "in-crowd" of the time from L.A. would bring a cat down by saying that he had just left Watts, that he ought to go back to Watts until he had learned what was happening, or that he had just stolen enough money to move out of Watts and was already trying to play a cool part. But now, blacks are seen in Folsom saying, "I'm from Watts, Baby!"—whether true or no, but I think their meaning is clear. Confession: I, too, have participated in this game, saying, I'm from Watts. In fact, I did live there for a time, and I'm *proud* of it, the tired lamentations of Whitney Young, Roy Wilkins and The Preacher notwithstanding.

[1] *Low Rider.* A Los Angeles nickname for ghetto youth. Originally, the term was coined to describe the youth who had lowered the bodies of their cars so that they rode low, close to the ground; also implied was the style of driving that these youngsters perfected. Sitting behind the steering wheel and slumped low down in the seat, all that could be seen of them was from their eyes up, which used to be the cool way of driving. When these youthful hipsters alighted from their vehicles, the term low rider stuck with them, evolving to the point where all black ghetto youth—but *never* the soft offspring of the black bourgeoisie—are referred to as low riders.

[2] *Reds.* A barbiturate, called Red Devils; so called because of the color of the capsule and because they are reputed to possess a vicious kick.

[3] *High-siding.* Cutting up. Having fun at the expense of another.

[Beautiful, Beautiful Brown Eyes]

Folsom Prison, October 28, 1965

ONCE I WAS WALKING down Main Street in L.A. around noon on a Saturday and it was a beautiful sunny day. I was just a young stud about 16, I guess, and I had one of those I-think-I'm-cute type walks, prancing and rolling on my toes. Before me and adjacent to the sidewalk was a shoe-shine stand facing in my direction. A jukebox was blaring a tune of the times and I got caught up in the music as I walked along. I was kind of walking in time to the music. Sitting up on the customer's seat was a big fine sister who was popping her fingers and wiggling to the music and smiling at me because our eyes had met. There was no one else in the shinestand and just as I came up even with the stand the record ended and I stopped in my tracks, staring at the girl in a fascinated stupor. Then, without warning, she sang: "*Beautiful, beautiful brown eyes.*"

Wow. That did me in, cleaned me out, and I realized that I was standing there gaping at her like a country fool. I was really confused and embarrassed and I cut out, completely blowing my cool. And as I split, I saw her cracking up with kicks. It really made me feel good though, and I've always treasured that memory because the incident was so penetrating.

I had quite a different experience during a factional power struggle among the Muslims in San Quentin. A right-wing brother tried to undercut me with a smear tactic: "Brothers," he said to all of us one day, "Brother Eldridge should not be allowed to hold any position until he's been a Muslim for 7 years. He's got the Mark of the Beast on him. Look at his eyes—he's got the devil's eyes."

That startled me and touched a sore spot. A lot of other brothers were also confused. But one of my friends saved the day by pointing out that "many so-called Negroes have funny beast eyes. The devils have mixed us all up. Even the Honorable Elijah Muhammad has light-colored eyes. Brother Malcolm has light-colored eyes. So don't

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be going around here talking like that because you're only spreading *dis*unity. The Honorable Elijah Muhammad teaches *Unity*. If you call yourself a Muslim, brother, you're going to have to start thinking Positive and put down all that Negative."

The cat had to beat a hasty retreat, but I was bleeding inside.

[Soul on Ice]

Folsom Prison, October 9, 1965

I'M PERFECTLY AWARE that I'm in prison, that I'm a Negro, that I've been a rapist, and that I have a Higher Uneducation. I never know what significance I'm supposed to attach to these factors. But I have a suspicion that, because of these aspects of my character, "free-normal-educated" people rather expect me to be more reserved, penitant, remorseful, and not too quick to shoot off my mouth on certain subjects. But I let them down, disappoint them, cause them to gape at me in a sort of stupor, as if they're thinking: "You've got your nerve! Don't you realize that you owe a debt to society?" My answer to all such thoughts lurking in their split-level heads, crouching behind their squinting bombardier eyes, is that the blood of Vietnamese peasants has paid off all my debts; that the Vietnamese people, afflicted with a rampant disease called Yankees, through their suffering—as opposed to the "frustration" of fat-assed American geeks safe at home worrying over whether to have bacon, ham, or sausage with their grade-A eggs in the morning, while Vietnamese worry each morning whether the Yankees will gas them, burn them up or blow away their humble pads in a hail of bombs—have cancelled all my I.O.U.'s.

In beginning this, I could just as easily have mentioned other facets; I could have said: I'm perfectly aware that I'm tall, that I'm skinny, that I need a shave, and that I'm hard-up enough to suck my grandmother's old withered tits, and that I would dig (deeper than deeply) getting *clean* once more—not only in the steambath sense, but in getting sharp as an Esquire square with a Harlem touch—or that I would like to put on a pair of bib overalls and become a Snicker, or that I'd like to leap the whole last mile and grow a beard and don whatever threads the local nationalism might require and comrade with Che Guevara, and share his fate, blazing a new pathfinder's trail through the stymied upbeat brain of the New Left, or how I'd just love to be in Berkeley right now, to roll in that mud, frolic in that sty of funky revolution, to breathe in its heady fumes, and look with roving eyes for a new John Brown, Eugene Debs, a blacker-meaner-keener Malcolm X, a Robert Franklin Williams with less rabbit in his hot blood, an American Lenin, Fidel, a Mao-Mao, A MAO MAO, A MAO MAO . . . All of which is true.

But what matters is that I have fallen in love with my lawyer! Is that surprising? A convict is expected to have a high regard for *anyone* who comes to his aid, who tries to help him and who expends time, energy, and money in an effort to set him free. But can a convict really love a lawyer? It goes against the grain. Convicts hate lawyers. To walk around a prison yard and speak well of a lawyer is to raise the downcast eyebrows of felons who've been bitten by members of the Bar and Grill. Convicts are convinced that lawyers must have a secret little black book which no one else is ever allowed to see, and which schools lawyers in an esoteric morality in which the Highest Good is Treachery, and that to cross one's dumb and trusting client is the noblest of deeds. It was learned by the convicts that I'd gotten busted with some magazines given to me by my lawyer and that I was thrown in the Hole. Convicts smiled knowingly and told me that I had gone for the greasy pig, that my lawyer had set me up, and that if I couldn't see through the plot I was so stupid that I would buy not only the Golden Gate Bridge but some fried ice cream.

It was my turn to smile knowingly. A convict's paranoia is as thick as the prison wall—and just as necessary. Why should we have faith in anyone? Even our wives and lovers whose beds we shared, with whom we shared the tenderest moments and most delicate relations, leave us after a while, put us down, cut us clean aloose and treat us like they hate us, won't even write us a letter, send us a Christmas card every other year, or a quarter for a pack of cigarettes or a tube of toothpaste now and then. All society shows the convict its ass and expects him to kiss it: the convict feels like kicking it or putting a bullet in it. A convict sees man's fangs and claws and learns quickly to bare and unsheath his own, for real and final. To maintain a hold on the ideals and sentiments of Civilization in such circumstances is probably impossible. How much more incredible is it, then, while rooted in this pit, to fall in love, and with a lawyer! Use a lawyer, yes: use anybody. Even tell the lawyer that you're in love. But you will always know when you are lying and even if you could manage to fool the lawyer you could never manage to fool yourself.

And why does it make you sad to see how everything hangs by such thin and whimsical threads? Because you're a dreamer, an incredible dreamer, with a tiny spark hidden somewhere inside you which cannot die, which even you cannot kill or quench and which tortures you horribly because all the odds are against its continual burning;

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and in the midst of the foulest decay and putrid savagery, this spark speaks to you of beauty, of human warmth and kindness, of goodness, of greatness, of heroism, of martyrdom, and it speaks to you of love.

So I love my lawyer. My lawyer is not an ordinary person. My lawyer is a rebel, a revolutionary, who is alienated fundamentally from the status quo, probably with as great an intensity, conviction and irretrievability as I am alienated from it—and probably with more intelligence, compassion, and humanity. If you read the papers, you are no doubt aware of my lawyer's incessant involvement in agitation against all manifestations of the monstrous evil of our system, such as our intervention in the internal affairs of the Vietnamese people, the invasion of the Dominican Republic by U.S. Marines. And my lawyer defends civil rights demonstrators, sit-iners and the Free Speech students who rebelled against the Kerr-Strong machine at U.C. My love for my lawyer is due, in part, to these activities and involvements, because we are always on the same side of the issues. And I love all my allies. But this, which may be the beginning of an explanation, does not nearly explain what goes on between my lawyer and me.

I suppose that I should be honest and, before going any further, admit that my lawyer is a woman—or maybe I should have held back with that piece of puzzle—a very excellent, unusual and beautiful woman. I know that *she* believes that I do not really love her and that I am confusing a combination of lust and gratitude for love. Lust and gratitude I feel abundantly, but I also love this woman. And I fear that, believing that I do not love her, she will act according to that belief.

At night, I talk with her in my sleep, long dialogues in which she answers back. We alternate in speaking, like the script of a play. And let me say that I don't believe a word she says. While we are talking, I participate and believe everything, taking her word as her bond. But when I awake, I repudiate the conversation and disbelieve her. I awake refreshed, and though my sleep has been restless, I am not tired. Except for a few lost hours in which she slips away and I fall into a deep sleep, I hover on a level between consciousness and peace, and the dialogue ensues. It does not bother me now. I have often gone through this when something seizes my mind.

If a man is free, with the usual multiplicity of social relations with individuals of both sexes, it may be that he is incapable of experiencing the total impact of another individual upon himself. The competing influences and conflicting forces of other personalities may dilute one's psychic and emotional perception, to the extent that one does not and cannot receive all that the other person is capable of sending. Our relations with each other in such circumstances are apt to lack depth and substantiality.

Yet I may believe that a man whose soul of emotional apparatus had lain dormant in a deadening limbo of desuetude, is capable of responding from some great sunken well of his being, as though a potent catalyst had been tossed into a critical mass, when an exciting, lovely, and lovable woman enters the range of his feelings. What a deep, slow, torturous, reluctant, frightened stirring! He feels a certain part of himself in a state of flux, as if a bodiless stranger has stolen inside his body, startling him by doing calisthenics, and he feels himself coming slowly back to life. His body chemistry changes and he is flushed with new strength.

When she first comes to him his heart is empty, a desolate place, a dehydrated oasis, unsolaced, and he's craving womanfood, without which sustenance the tension of his manhood has unwound and relaxed. He has imperative need of the kindness, sympathy, understanding, and conversation of a woman, to hear a woman's laughter at his words, to answer her questions and to be answered by her, to look into her eyes, to sniff her primeval fragrance, to hear—with slaughtered ears—the sensuous rustling of frivolous garments as legs are crossed and uncrossed beneath a table, to feel the delicate, shy weight of her hand in his—how painfully and totally aware is he of her presence, her every movement! It is as if one had been left to die beneath a bush on a lonely trail. The sun is hot and the shade of the bush, if not offering an extension of life, offers at least a slowing down of death. And just when one feels the next breath will surely be the last, a rare and rainbow-colored bird alights upon a delicate twig of the bush, and with the magic of melodious trillings and beauty of plumage, charms the dying one back to life. The dying man feels the strength flowing into and through the conduits of his body from the charged atmosphere created by the presence of the bird, and he knows intuitively in his clinging to life that if the bird remains he will regain his strength and health—and live.

[On Malcolm X]

Folsom Prison, June 19, 1965

SUNDAY IS MOVIE DAY at Folsom Prison and I was sitting in the darkened hulk of Mess Hall No. One, watching Victor Buono in a movie named "The Strangler," when a convict known as Silly Willie came over to where I was sitting and whispered in my ear:

"Brother J sent me in to tell you it just came over the TV that Malcolm X was shot as he addressed a rally in New York."

For a moment the earth seemed to reel in orbit. The

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skin all over my body tightened up as I gave voice to my immediate thought, "How bad?" I asked.

"The TV didn't say," answered Silly Willie. The distress was obvious in his voice. "We was around in Pipe Alley checking TV when a special bulletin came on. All they said was Malcolm X was shot and they were rushing him to the hospital."

"Thanks," I said to Silly Willie. I felt his hand on my shoulder in a reassuring gesture as he faded away in the darkness. On the screen before me Victor Buono had a woman by the throat and was frantically choking the last gasping twitches of life out of her slumping body. I was thinking that if Malcolm's wounds were not too serious, that if he recovered, the shooting might prove to be a blessing in disguise. It would focus more intensified attention on him and create a windfall of sympathy and support for him throughout America's black ghettos, and so put more power into his hands. The possibility that the wounds may have been fatal, that as I sat there Malcolm was already dead, was excluded from my mind.

After the movie ended, as I filed outside in the long line of convicts and saw the shocked, wild expression on Brother J's face, I still could not believe that Malcolm X was dead. He's dead, their faces said, although not one of them spoke a word. As we stood there in silence, two Negro inmates walked by and one of them said to us, "That's a goddamn shame how they killed that man! Of all people, why'd they kill Malcolm? Whyn't they kill some of them Uncle Tomming M.F.'s? I wish I could get my hands on whoever did it." And he walked away, talking and cursing animatedly to his buddy.

Malcolm X had a special meaning for black convicts. A former prisoner himself, he had risen from the lowest depths to great heights. For this reason he was a symbol of hope, a model for thousands of black convicts who found themselves trapped in the vicious PPP cycle: prison-parole-prison. One thing that judges, policemen, and prison administrators never seem to have understood, and for which they certainly do not make any allowances, is that Negro convicts, rather than see themselves as criminals and perpetrators of misdeeds, look upon themselves as prisoners of war, the victims of a vicious, dog-eat-dog social system that is so heinous by its very nature as to cancel out their own malefactions: in the jungle there is no right or wrong.

Rather than owing and paying a debt to society, Negro prisoners feel that they are being abused, that their imprisonment is simply another form of the oppression they have known all their lives.

America's penology does not take this into account. Malcolm X did, and black convicts know that the ascension to power of Malcolm X or a man like him would eventually have revolutionized penology in America. Malcolm delivered a merciless and damning indictment of prevailing penology. It is only a matter of time until the question of the prisoner's debt to society versus society's debt to the prisoner is injected forcefully into national and state politics, into the civil and human rights struggle, and into the consciousness of the body politic. It is an explosive issue that goes to the very root of America's system of justice.

The Black Muslim movement was destroyed the moment Elijah cracked the whip over Malcolm's head, because it was not the Black Muslim movement itself that was so irresistibly appealing to true believers. It was the awakening into self-consciousness of 20,000,000 Negroes which was so compelling. Malcolm X articulated their aspirations better than any other man of our time. When he spoke under the banner of Elijah Muhammad he was irresistible. When he spoke under his own banner he was still irresistible. If he had become a Quaker, a Catholic, or a Seventh Day Adventist, or a Sammy Davis-style Jew, and if he had continued to give voice to the mute ambitions in the black man's soul, his message would still have been triumphant: because what was great was not Malcolm X but the truth he uttered.

The truth which Malcolm uttered had vanquished the whole passle of so-called Negro leaders and spokesmen who trifle and compromise with truth in order to curry favor with the white power structure. He was stopped, in the only way such a man can be stopped, in the same way that the enemies of the Congolese people had to stop Lumumba, by the same method that exploiters, tyrants, and parasitical oppressors have always crushed the legitimate strivings of peoples for freedom, justice, and equality —by murder, assassination and mad dog butchery.

So now Malcolm is no more. The bootlickers, Uncle Toms, lackeys and stooges of the white power structure have done their best to denigrate Malcolm, to root him out of his people's heart, to tarnish his memory. But their million-worded lies fall on deaf ears. As Ossie Davis so eloquently expressed it in his immortal eulogy of Malcolm: "If you knew him you would know why we must honor him: Malcolm was our manhood, our living, black manhood! This was his meaning to his people. And in honoring him, we honor the best in ourselves."

We shall have our manhood. We shall have it or the earth will be leveled by our attempts to gain it.

Sincerely,
Eldridge Cleaver

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Voodoo et le Bon Dieu

AT LAST I WAS GOING to experience Voodoo. Not the ersatz kind, the pseudo-event they put on for American schoolteachers from Indiana. Tourism in Haiti was moribund, along with the economy. Now, if you were lucky, if you had a mystique which made certain Haitians curious, you had a chance to see a real *hounfort* (Voodoo temple).

In a country as sick, as dangerous and as paranoid as Haiti, you had to move carefully. An armful of plain-clothed hoods, the political police of the regime, watched every stranger. They are armed, they are bullies, they are cruel, and they are feared. They are called the *Ton-ton Macoutes*, a perfect nick-name, which means "bogeyman" in Creole. Because of them you touched fear and smelled suspicion, and got no reassurance from the American Embassy.

But I had a few things going for me. I wanted to help the Medical School and had announced my plan for an exchange of doctors. I had brought along my inevitable dummies. As an amateur ventriloquist, I always take them with me. They had special significance in a country where magic lurks on every perimeter. I was willing to take risks. I was a doctor. I probably had some money. Any money makes noise when the average yearly income is $70. But the real Voodoo ceremony is not for sale. People have tried and failed to buy in; I didn't want to steal someone else's blunder. Still, a little money was helpful in smoothing the way. And I wasn't going in completely cold. I had studied Haitian and Voodoo history, mastered the names of the gods, the agents and the accessories. There was an odor of sanity in reading, which came to be replaced by other odors, of sweat, of dung, of ritual smoke.

After working with a nameless grapevine for several days, the hour and place were set. The rutted dirt road into the inland *hounfort* was impassable to wheels, but not to feet. There were signs of donkeys, dogs and men on its dusty corrugations. Gray-green candelabra trees, their branches standing like ornate menorahs, screened the ominous brush, linking the mood to other temples in other centuries. Kilometers were counted by footsteps, which, becoming random, ticked off the now, and more often disappeared into the perceptibly growing suspense. The moon offered myth and shadow, and almost enough light to see by. Going uphill, you sucked in the air, accepting with it the smells of manure, decomposing vegetation, and your own body, augmenting the expectancy.

By daylight the *hounfort* would have been disappointing. It was shabby. The dirt floor, the open sides, the faded lithographs looked like a temporary barn added to a run-down farmhouse. The structure is called the peristyle; it is supported by pillars, especially the center *poteau-mitan*, around which the rites are carried out, and from above which the *loas* (Voodoo gods) descend from heaven to ride upon the possessed. Tables with fish and biscuits form a buffet at the entrance. Tiny altar spaces, the *bagi*, are endowed with belief; the altar, itself (*pé*), contains the gifts of *manger* and holds a strange assortment of votive offerings and the decorative gourd rattles of the *houngan*. On the dirt beneath, the curious, mystic, heraldic designs of particular *loas* are traced. This is the *vévé*. The Haitian coat of arms and the usual photograph of the President pay the *hounfort's* dues to the State.

At night the magic was in. The *houngan* was black black and the whites of his eyes were yellow. He acted as master of ceremonies (La Place) and was flanked by two women bearing the symbolic flags of the *loas* to be featured. Someone poured water to the four points of the compass. There was a shout, "*Abobo*," and the *hounsi* (cult members) prepared to become *chouals* (horses) ridden by the *loas*. The drummers got set. La Place called out a ritual sentence in Creole; he picked up a rooster, swung the bird up and down among the faithful, and then taking a mouthful of some alcoholic liquid, he spat it out, spraying the room.

The moon, validating one of its oldest clichés, hid behind a cloud. The darkness breathed. Bodies came very close to touch. Suddenly La Place shouted two thundering ritual lyrics, which were answered with a roar of repetition. It was a responsive reading gone wild. The drumming began. It wasn't possible for the beat to be so rapid, but it was. The several rhythms built an acceleration of tempos, becoming a surrogate pulse, pacing the heart-beat. I remembered to flick on my tape recorder. "*O.K. pour ça; pas O.K. pour le Kodak*" was what the *houngan* had said.

Now I wanted to get involved. Like inhibited Haoles trying the hula, there was a *barrière* for me to climb over—the self-consciousness of the print-oriented man facing

by Gerald Feigen

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pure tribalism. The pandemonium was curiously controlled, as if a chalk circle had been drawn around behavior, accepted, and then erased. I sensed that my ears were taking over, becoming executive over all the senses. The sounds of sighing, of touching, of dancing, of writhing—the vaguest rustle of cloth against cloth, and cloth against body, always to the diapason of incessant, urgent drumming, opened one up, turned on the juices, unified feeling, and gave it muscular meaning. It was not possible merely to stand and watch.

THE SWAYING, the irrational choreography programed by 40 decades of history, the convulsive but graceful gyrations anticipating "possession," then the leaps, the moans, and the screams of the *chouals*, pushed the collective mood to a passionate intensity. There I was on the brink of involvement, kept from swinging by some internal Watts Regulator, which shut down the production of steam when its circling steel balls moved out too far from center—the regulator of the detribalized man which permits sin but not enjoyment—which detours desire to sin onto intellectual sidetracks.

The drumming stopped abruptly. The sudden change in sound intensified sound, and left an aural after-image. The ecstatic emphasis which had infiltrated the drumbeats seemed to produce an unleashing, a frightening orgasmic seizure. I knew I was out of it because I was trying to understand it. Yet I was deeply disturbed, as if I had taken a small dose of mescaline—enough to increase the thrust of the viscera, but not enough to release it. The *loas* did not ride me. The dancers were refreshed and I was frustrated. I felt envious of the catharsed ones, the active participants who had totally embraced sound and movement. I didn't wait around.

As I plodded back over the same road toward reality, I was aware of a hyperesthesia of a negative kind. The smells were now unpleasant, the rocks and ruts bruised my feet. I tried to brush aside irrelevancies and to consider my experience, but I was too tired, too irritated and excited. It would have to wait.

I got back to the hotel and sat on the ancient veranda. Cesar, the aged houseboy, brought me a rum and soda. The one other guest was out. I had the time, the space, the silence, and the chair; I had the pin-points of light below in Port-au-Prince. I thought of the *loas* who possessed these weary, undernourished Haitians, descendants of 16th century Africans who made up the sickening reality of the slave ship cargoes—bards, tribal artists, warriors, hunters, farmers, prisoners of Arab raiders and native chiefs, Moslems, pagans, witch doctors, thrown into spirit-breaking work on the plantations of the strange, hot island; Spanish, French and English rulers had kneaded doughy shards of culture into the heterogenous mass. Somehow, these exiled Africans committed to survival, chose to live, united by a common condition and a common color. Slavery caused their technical skills to atrophy. They forgot a lot, but they remembered the music, the dances, the religions, and the legends of West Africa.

They were forced into baptism by the Catholic Europeans who controlled the island, but the Church could not deprive them of their superstitions or traditions. It had to satisfy itself with conversion and salvation. Voodoo rites and rituals were often banned, the leaders of the cults often punished, but this merely forced them into secrecy, making the emerging Voodoo more powerful, annealing the strength and a determination for its survival.

Even in 1804, at the end of the war of liberation, when with totally savage butchery, the white masters were deposed, the ex-slaves did not abolish the Catholic Church; they had built it into the Voodoo religion. They had learned to submit in part to Catholicism in order to be left alone to serve the *loas*. *Bon Dieu*, the God of the Christians, was invested with distance, infinite distance from the world. Like the Hebrew Yahweh, he was unapproachable, a mystic force more powerful than Papa Legba, the Number One *loa*. The Christian saints became deified, and were made to live in the Voodoo pantheon with the *loas* and deified ancestors.

So now Haiti is 90 per cent Catholic and 100 per cent Voodoo. The governments have alternated between those which tolerate Voodoo and those which try to destroy it. President Duvalier's official stand is Catholic, but most of the citizens say he is Voodoo. *Bon Dieu*, the Holy Virgin, the Saints and *loas* go on living together. The priest and the *houngan* both have their place. The sacraments and secret rites work together symbiotically to give an irrational structure to what passes as life.

I couldn't think any more. I went to my room and took off my moist clothes. I lay there humming the chant:

Papa Legba ouvi bayé pu mwe
Ouvi bayé pu m'kapab rantré . . .

Papa Legba open the *barrière* for me;
Open the *barrière* so that I can enter.

I felt like crying.

The following paintings by Haitian artists were acquired by Dr. Feigen during his recent trip. He writes: "I saw hundreds of paintings depicting Haitian people who never smile. It's as if the painter is sending a message to the world—help!"

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by A. C

by B. Byron

by Felix Jean

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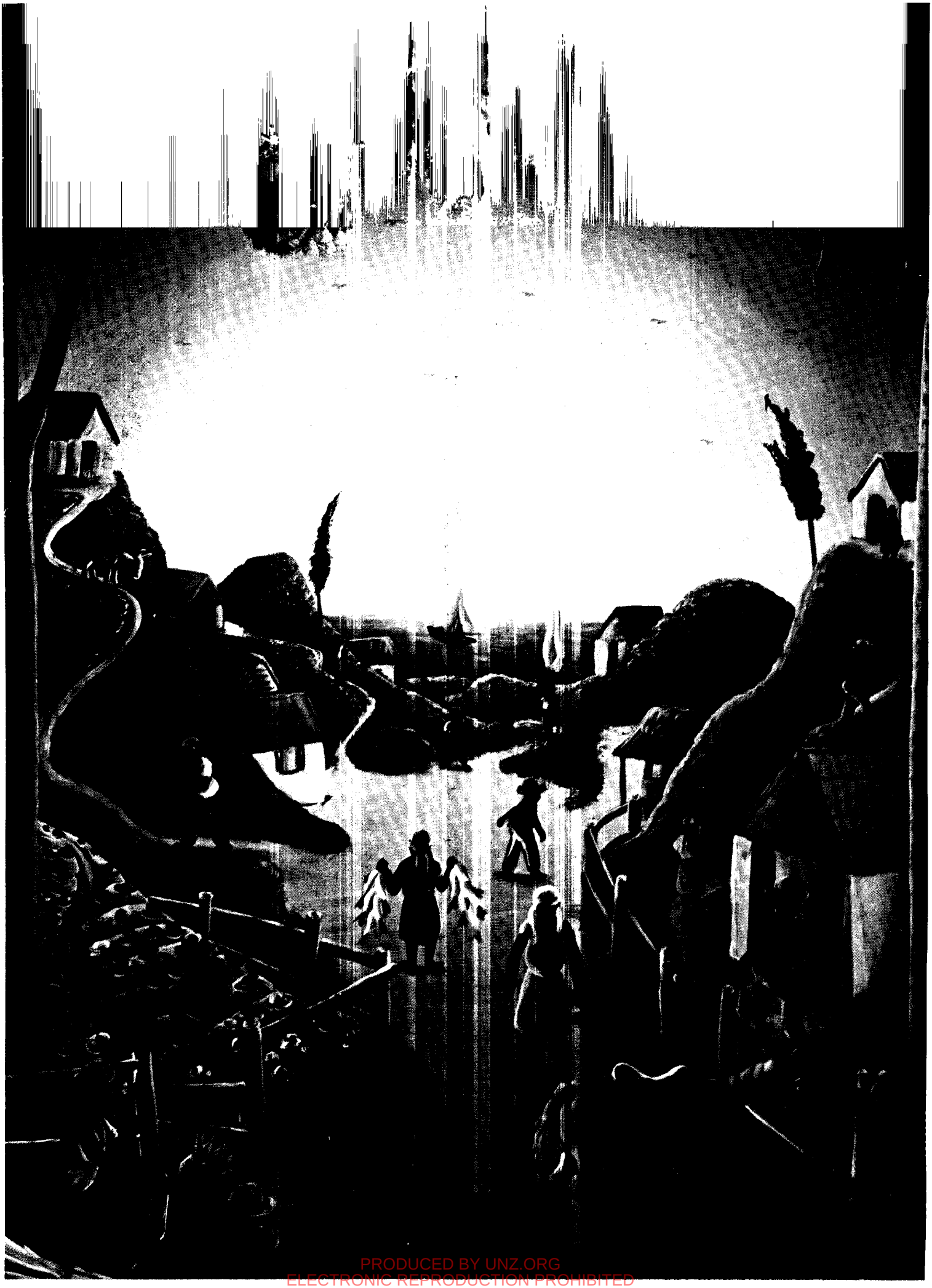

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WAR CATALOG OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

[Historie]

THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, a *déclassé* Ivy League institution dating from before the Declaration of Independence, entertains bizarre and compromising relationships with the U.S. military establishment. Its connections are typical of the large university which has had to come to terms with an environment in which Cold War priorities shape educational policies. At Penn, the price of accommodation has been high both in intellectual independence and academic integrity. It has spawned the most important university center for germ and chemical warfare research in the country —research being applied in Vietnam to destroy the food crops of civilian populations. The University also offers, in matter-of-fact fashion, a political science course which serves no other function than to train future CIA agents.

Penn's roots should have kept it aloof from such overt and grimy involvements with the Defense establishment. As the oldest university in the country, Penn certainly had no need to achieve its place in the sun through a calculated Cold War activism. The University traces its origins as far back as 1740, but really came into its own when Benjamin Franklin became president of its first board of trustees in 1749. Although Franklin was no practitioner of the "service university" philosophy like Michigan State University's John A. Hannah, he did instill some common sense concerns into the educational philosophy of the young institution. "Art is long and their Time is short," Franklin said of the students, and he wanted them educated in the practical and "useful" arts.

Nothing in Franklin's philosophy of education, however, sanctioned the use of his university's facilities and talent for the grim business of delivering chemical poisons and germs on defenseless civilian populations. This is a mark of bureaucratic rather than philosophical commitments. Penn is not so much a university on the make as a university that has been had. It has been kept solvent so long by federal contracts that it would have difficulty operating on its present scale if it had to forego Defense Department financing. Government grants provide the largest single source of the University's total income—approximately $25 million out of a university budget of almost $90 million.

Notwithstanding this federal largesse the University is in serious financial trouble. Penn, despite its official membership in the select Ivy League, does not have the well heeled or loyal alumni of a Princeton or a Harvard. As a private university, its support from the state government is minimal. Professors complain they can't get a janitor to sweep their floors. It sometimes takes years to get a filing cabinet. To keep the books balanced, the University president has had to become a wheeler-dealer among foundations, the state legislature, and alumni. But only the federal government provides a reliable and steady source of support. Portions of this support come in classified contracts with the Defense Department which force the University to give up many of its traditional prerogatives of open and free research. Well endowed institutions such as Harvard can reject such secret contracts. But for Penn, with its precarious financial status, principle has become a luxury it cannot afford.

compiled and annotated by Sol Stern

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[Political Science 551]

Collection, evaluation, and organization of interdisciplinary information on world affairs; scholarly and other use of strategic intelligence; problems of civil-military relationships. Supplemented by Graduate and Senior field work at the Dyer Institute, Bucks County, Penn.

(Undergraduate Catalogue, U. of Penn.)

ENGLISH STUDENT TOM GLASER got an "A" in Poli. Sci. 551 because he zapped the ROTC.

It was during "field exercises" for the three unit course. Glaser tells his own story:

"It took place at the Indiantown Gap Military Reservation which had all these wooded ridges and valleys and was a good approximation for the central highlands of Vietnam. The class played the Viet Cong and we were being tracked by a contingent from the Penn ROTC. They were supposed to be the 101st Airborne. We all carried weapons—mostly M-1's, but a .30 caliber machine gun too—loaded with dummy bullets.

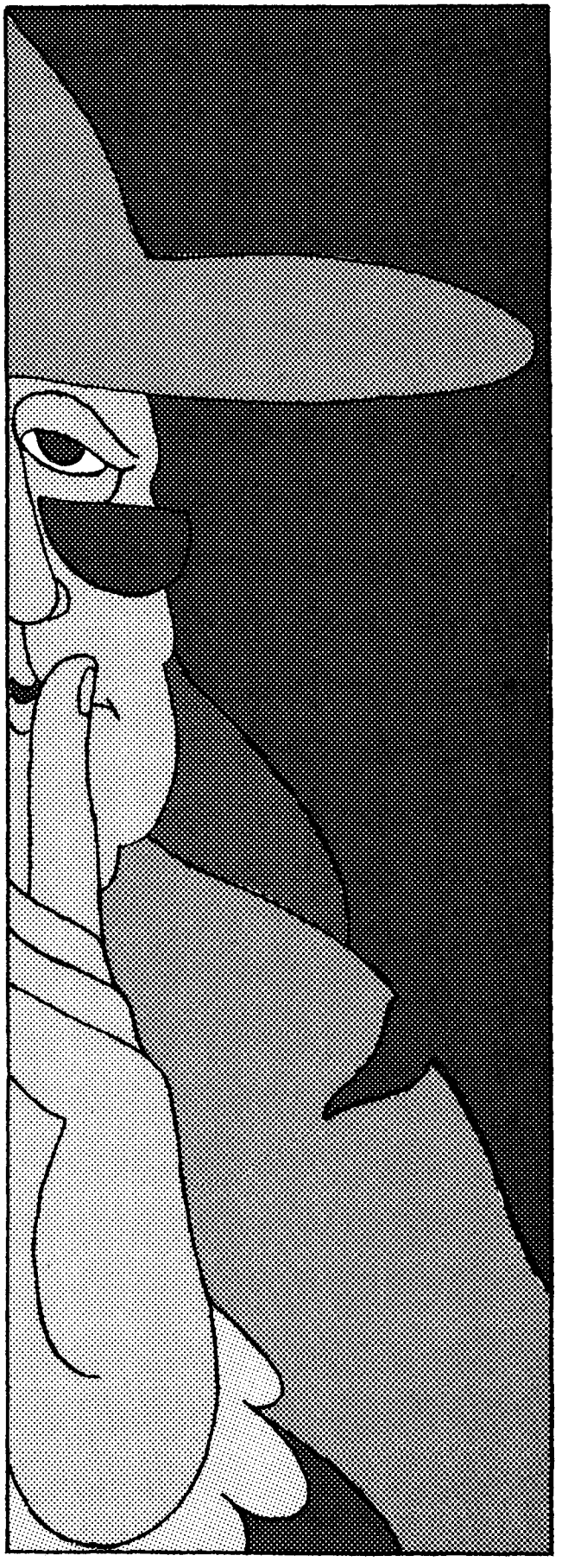
"It was late at night by the time we made contact with the ROTC unit. They were supposed to cut us off. But they were so clumsy and noisy coming through the bushes that we were able to surprise them with a neat ambush. We fired our weapons at them—over their heads of course. There were umpires there to judge who had been killed. When it was all over they figured we had really smashed them."

A girl who took the course that semester refused to carry one of the guns the professors handed out. She was told she could play nurse instead. She got a "B."

Political Science 551 is a course for spies. Officially described in the university catalogue as *Strategic Intelligence and National Policy*, Poli. Sci. 551 has been offered every semester for the last ten years despite the fact that no responsible person on the campus seems to have a very clear understanding of why it is being taught.

Drs. George and Charlotte Dyer teach Poli. Sci. 551 together just as they have worked together all their professional careers—first in intelligence work with the U.S. military, then in academic pursuits. Both acquired PhD's in political science at the University of Pennsylvania—a real two-for-the-price-of-one bargain, since between them they only turned out one dissertation, a joint effort entitled *An Introduction to Strategic Intelligence With a Classification System For Strategic Intelligence Source Materials.*

THE DYERS' single-minded pursuit of the craft of intelligence as an academic enterprise is exhibited at their Bucks County country estate. Housed there is the Dyer Institute of Interdisci-



Illustrations by Dugald Stermer

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plinary Studies, a quasi-educational operation lodging a vast private collection of intelligence materials. Many of the course's field exercises are carried out on the estate.

Political Science 551 is the Dyer's own invention. Despite its description in Penn's catalogue as concerned with "scholarly" and "interdisciplinary information on world affairs" it is in reality a thinly disguised training course for future intelligence agents. The Dyers often announce at the beginning of the semester that one out of ten who take the course will be recruited for the CIA. And the last day of the course is usually devoted to a lecture on "Intelligence as a Vocation."

Students who have taken the course testify to its overwhelming concern with the actual gritty details of clandestine cloak and dagger work. Sometimes this results in rather bizarre moments, as it did on the day of the lecture entitled "Patterns of Security in a New Age of Violence" when Mrs. Dyer came to class with a Russian .38 caliber revolver strapped to her dress.

The syllabus for Poli. Sci. 551 shows the academic range of the topics covered:

1) Covert or clandestine intelligence activities at all levels in both peace and war;
2) Counterintelligence, from elementary 'security' measures and 'loyalty' investigations to elaborate cover plans, ruses, and deceptions;
3) Tactical 'low level' or localized intelligence production, including wartime military 'combat intelligence';
4) Areas in the 'Red End' of the 'Spectrum of International Relations' which are actually kinds of unconventional warfare, but which are frequently confused or connected with information gathering activities;
5) National decision and policy-making as based on adequate intelligence, and 'problems' associated with the resulting internal and external relationships, especially among civilian and military leaders.

The Dyers feel that lectures on these topics plus a reading list that would have made Ian Fleming salivate are not sufficient to turn out the fully rounded fledgling spy. So students taking Poli. Sci. 551 for credit must engage in what the Dyers call "Extramural Activities."

As the cloak and dagger profs explain it in the official course syllabus: "The joint military-political maneuvers are laid in any sort of available terrain where unusually useful, and hopefully predictive lessons may be learned." The Dyers are not modest about the "predictive" power of their field exercises: "A year ago we anticipated President Johnson's decision to obliterate once and for all the concept of a war of aggression against a neighboring state based on a privileged sanctuary. This was in Operation Ho!, held jointly with the Penn ROTC."

Among other Vietnam-type maneuvers undertaken by Political Science 551 are the Jersey Parallel, held around a creek bed in Mays Landing, N.J., which "found a real resemblance to the Mekong Delta." But the course is not limited to contemporary problems. There was The Warsaw Story, an attempt to derive lessons about civilian rebellion in an urban setting by recreating the World War II uprising of the Warsaw Ghetto. Held among the ruins of a group of commercial buildings that had been partially razed, the exercises proved to be so graphic that a local television station decided to film it for public consumption. The television director, checking the action, told the Dyers he preferred a maneuver which illustrated more timely events. So Political Science 551 recreated for the cameras the recent uprising in the Dominican Republic, with the class divided into the constitutionalists and the United States-supported regular Army.

Despite sinister aspects of the course work, Political Science 551 is known around the campus as a good thing. It is taught in a relaxed and informal manner. The Dyers are well liked by the students. It is also a cinch as far as grades go—an "easy A" in the student argot. No serious intellectual analysis is required. The grade is based almost entirely on classroom "activities" and on the "intelligence" file which each student must develop on a country that he chooses. In the event of a crisis in that country the student is expected to be able to present, on short notice, an intelligence briefing for the use of "policy makers."

After ten years of such intellectual foolishness the University seems slightly embarrassed by it all. There are even indications that the course may be reviewed by the Political Science Department. But the bland acceptance of the course for so long typifies the abject accommodation the University has made with the military spirit.

[The Institute for Cooperative Research]

"The feasibility of the use of temporarily incapacitating chemical and biological agents, including psycho-chemicals, in specified military situations is currently being studied. Both actual and potential uses have been examined. In addition, present and anticipated accomplishments in the biological and chemical research and development program of the U.S. Army are being studied."

(The Institute's brochure, 1962)

ROBIN MAISEL WAS FIRED from the Penn bookstore because he peeked at the "Dachau Doctors' " books.

Last summer, Maisel was making book deliveries to what appeared to him as just another of the many research centers on campus—the Institute for Cooperative Research. But he heard the code names "Spicerack" and "Summit" used in connection with the Institute. Intrigued, he began to take a closer look. Inside the Institute he found bars on the doors and file cabinets with combination locks. He also noticed bizarre similarities in

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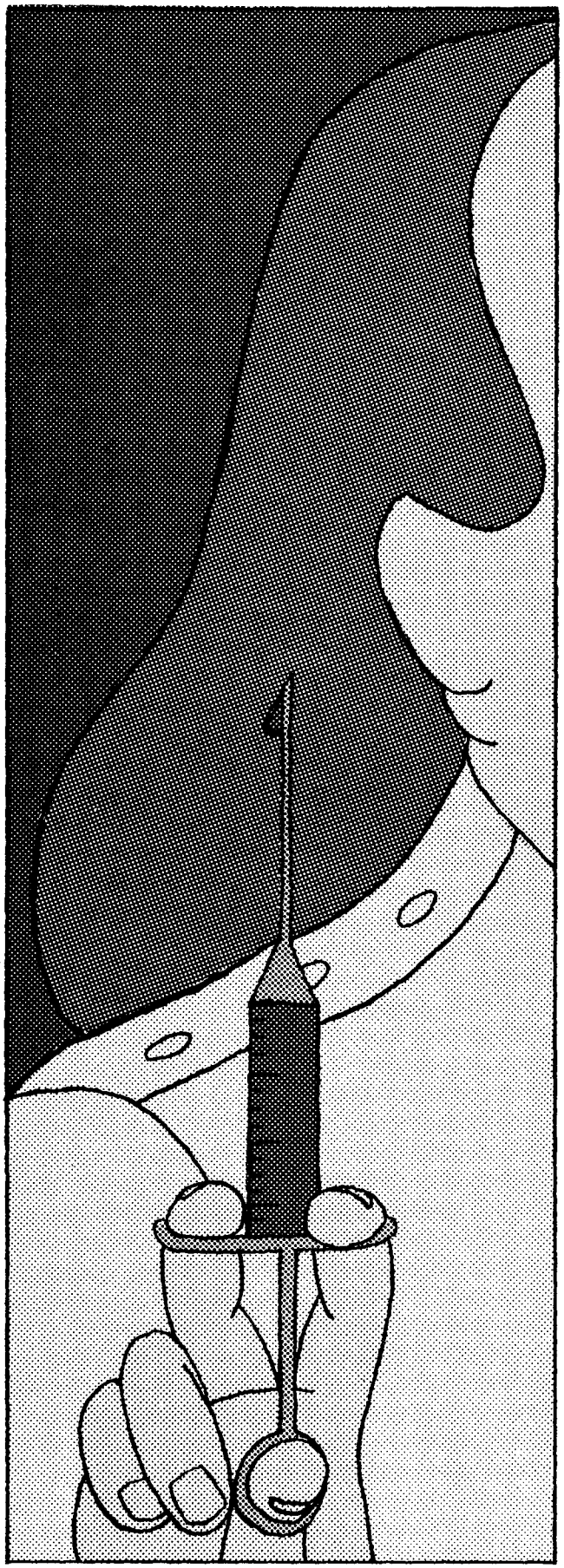

the titles of the books he delivered. He reviewed all the titles ordered by the Institute for a period of six months, and found the list of 90 books heavily loaded with volumes on rice crop diseases and Vietnamese politics.

What Maisel had discovered was a massive University-sponsored research project on chemical and biological warfare, and he wasn't long in letting the cat out of the bag. In the furor that resulted, the academics who worked there became popularly known as the "Dachau Doctors." Maisel took his intelligence to the Philadelphia Committee to End the War in Vietnam, of which he was a member, The group decided to make a protest. An open letter was sent to University President Gaylord P. Harnwell, asking him to shut the Institute down—the first in a series of student and faculty protests over the Institute's war work. But in nine months of bitter campus debate there has been no change in the status of the Institute for Cooperative Research—except that now it orders its books directly from publishers and Robin Maisel has long since been involuntarily separated from the University bookstore.

Penn performs its grim services for the armed forces in a nondescript brick structure on Walnut Street, in the heart of the University's campus. The banality of the overt operation ill fits the important "national security" functions being carried out within. About 40 staff members work a normal 9-5 shift in the second story offices which, but for the steel wiring on the front door and the combination lock file cabinets, might pass for a claims adjusting office in a medium sized insurance company. Except for an occasional discussion about what security classification to put on a new document they are typing, the office workers confine their gossip to the minutiae that secretaries everywhere find interesting. Little do they know that they are setting in motion machinery of war designed to sow famine, disease-bearing germs and toxic chemicals upon the men, women and children of a distant land.

The Institute for Cooperative Research was organized in 1954 as a result of a high policy decision of the University. It was felt that Penn would become a more attractive recipient for government defense grants if it could offer the pooled resources of various University departments and provide as well for protection against security leaks on classified research projects. The 1956-57 annual report of the ICR stated: "... the Institute recognizes the University's responsibility for service to the federal government."

As it turned out, other branches of the University assumed their share of classified work too, but the Institute never lost its special zeal for "service to the federal government." Over the last 12 years it has been host to a wide spectrum of classified defense projects. Of these, the chemical-biological warfare projects have had by far the most exotic code names—Big Ben, Caramu, Wasp, White-

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wing, Summit and Spicerack. The 1962-63 annual report boasts of the Institute's "accumulated experience and our unique position of competence in the field of biological and chemical weapons systems."

THE INSTITUTE, from all available evidence, is not actually brewing germs and toxic chemicals; its work is in the area of engineering and systems analysis. Yet this is the really delicate aspect of chemical-biological warfare. It is relatively easy to produce bugs and gases. What is required are sophisticated weapons systems that can deliver the bugs and chemicals on target. It is the "delivery techniques" that Penn's scientists and engineers perfect with their "unique position of competence." The Institute's annual report of 1964-65, described the basic work this way:

Two major projects . . . are engaged in analyses of the performance of weapons systems for the purpose of developing data to assist in determining the final direction of research and development. This effort includes the development of mathematical models and computer programs, evaluation of laboratory data and test results, studies of political factors and strategy, preparation of status summaries, technological forecasting. Although the research conducted is frequently of an applied nature, every effort has been made to avoid strictly ad hoc approaches and as far as possible to generalize findings in such a way as to increase their applicability. For example, a study of limited warfare targets was recently completed in which it was determined that target descriptions could be reduced to three interdependent parameters with the result that many new weapons systems concepts can be screened for probable usefulness far more systematically than was possible before.

The Institute is also concerned with those moral and political "inhibitions" which have proved obstacles to the incorporation of these new weapons into United States military strategy. But Penn's chemists had trouble resolving the problems posed by the "Judeo-Christian" ethic, not to mention international law on the use of cruel and inhumane weapons. So they subcontracted out the moral problem to the University's Foreign Policy Research Institute. The FPRI completed its study several years ago, but has never released it. Hints as to the conclusions are in the study proposal which was submitted by FPRI to ICR. The study was to focus . . . "primarily upon the potential role of such weapons in the strategies of the United States and its allies, and will examine how these weapons might lend greater flexibility to the military posture required for the support of United States foreign policy."

The writers of the FPRI proposal found that the discussion about chemical-biological warfare had been muddied up by all sorts of extraneous ethical considerations:

. . . the debate has been rather immature and highly artificial, ranging around such questions as 'humaneness', 'no use first' resolutions and 'the campaign to make C-B [chemical-biological] respectable.' The subject is charged with emotion and delicacy. The press frequently handles it in a sensational manner which makes policy makers and military authorities squeamish about discussing it publicly. Many scientists have been led to believe that there is something peculiarly unwholesome about dedicating scientific competence to the advancement of human knowledge in this field. The net result of such attitudes in the long run could turn out to be seriously detrimental to the security of the United States and its allies.

Since 1961, when this was written, the "debate" has apparently become less "immature." The chemical-biological warfare enthusiasts scored their first significant breakthrough with the announcement that U.S. forces were using tear gas in combat against the Viet Cong, and that chemical defoliants were being used to clear away jungle protection from the Viet Cong forces. Last December the New York Times reported that chemical sprays were being used as well against civilian grown rice crops in Viet Cong controlled areas.

Replying to a prominent scientist who had protested the crop destruction program, Major General Michael S. Davison of the U.S. Army said that "great care has been taken to select areas in which most harm would be done to the Viet Cong and the least harm to the local population."

Leaflets such as the following, dropped over villages to pacify "the local population," have a direct relation to the University of Pennsylvania's work:

COMPENSATION FOR CROP LOSSES

The Government of the Republic of Vietnam has adopted the use of defoliants which will ruin your rice crop and other crop plantings in the field. This has been necessary as your rice fields are located in areas supplying food to the Viet Cong. However, you should not be disappointed as the Government will compensate for all the damages done to your rice crop; meanwhile the Government will at all times help evacuate you to other places with food, lodging and clothing provided until the next harvesting season, if you so desire.

The ICR at Penn is working on the various strains of rice crop diseases. It is also devoting considerable attention to Vietnamese politics, and to geophysical conditions in that country. Before the recent on-campus criticism of the project, ceiling-to-floor Army service maps of Vietnam hung prominently in the Institute's map room, with multi-colored pins stuck on specific villages. As security tightened, the maps came down. The Institute has another secret map collection—smaller, very detailed maps of Vietnamese villages and land areas. The Institute last fall hired a graduate student with a good free hand and a facility in Asian languages, to letter in names of villages and other target areas. The professors refused to tell her what the maps were used for.

THE DIRECTORS of the Institute's operations "Spicerack" and "Summit" have made it known that they are exploring the employment of real poisons, with special emphasis on the use of arsenics and cyanides in aerosol form. Recently the Penn student daily reported that a Defense Department official, later identified privately as Undersecretary Cyrus Vance, had told the editor that the United States "had resorted

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to a 'limited use' of aerosol-sprayed arsenic and cyanide compounds over the rice fields of South Vietnam."

The University administration has continuously tried to ignore the implications of such revelations. Its stock assertion is that work being done at the Institute is only for "defensive purposes." Dr. Carl Chambers, director of the Institute for Cooperative Research, stated benignly that there was "no intention of killing everyone off."

But whatever the "intentions" of the scientists at the University, there is no question that they are deeply involved in the United States germ warfare program. They are incriminated by the bulky, official prose of the contracts they signed—contracts which the University administration tried to keep hidden from protesting faculty members and students. The 1963 "Summit" contract with the Defense Department's Chemical Corps directs the Institute, along with other chores, to:

a) summarize the state of knowledge on biological and chemical weapons systems, both offensive and defensive, in terms of interest to decision makers and potential users . . .

b) present projections or forecasts of weapons performance and defensive countermeasures, based on estimates for which complete experimental data are lacking. It is considered important that these projections permit the early evaluation of given offensive and defensive systems in acceptable target situations. Despite the nonavailability of complete data, rough approximations of target effects shall be developed and utilized, where necessary, so as to obtain an early evaluation of the probable military usefulness of the given system.

DESPITE THEIR SUPPLY of Vietnam maps, the Penn chemists and researchers turned to more expert help in selecting the ground targets for their handywork. The shocking crassness with which the University of Pennsylvania carries out its government assignment in germ warfare research is indicated in this sub-contract for "targeting" with an affiliate of Cornell University called the "Cornell Aeronautical Labs":

1. Conduct a detailed target analysis to determine anticipated target neutralization requirements. This analysis will consider
   a) protective measures against which a weapon capability should be required
   b) acceptable time to incapacitation requirements
   c) target sizes and content and minimum acceptable casualty infliction to achieve neutralization
2. Determine relative mission importance (assuming the results obtained from completion of task one above are available). A relative measure of importance of the two basic mission types considered, i.e. against area targets and against line targets, will be established to permit ranking between systems which rate differently against these target types.
3. Develop a final selection of munition evaluation criteria based on results obtained from performance of tasks one and two above. These criteria will be presented in such a form so as to permit application to
   a) analytic evaluation of the designs proposed
   b) evaluation of field tests
   c) evaluation of operational tests
4. Provide guidance for contractor tests
5. Synthesize promising munitions concepts utilizing features of the various Air Force contractors developments. Each of these three basic munitions types proposed by the prospective bidders employs a specific concept for implementation. Investigation of the advisability of combining different munition types with different delivery concepts may be warranted or a specific combination of a munition type proposed by one bidder with a packaging and delivery concept by a different bidder may merit consideration.

The use of the rice destruction chemicals studied at Penn could be the precedent for a greater and more potent chemical-biological warfare campaign in Vietnam. In July of last year the State Department began to move toward a reconsideration of the official American policy which opposes the use of germ warfare. A memo advocating the surreptitious use in Vietnam of tularemia, an acute infectious bacteria similar to bubonic plague which can be disseminated through aerosols or water, was approved up to the assistant secretary level at the State Department. The proposal was seriously discussed by the department's policy planning staff as well as at the White House. Brigadier General J. H. Rothschild, a germ warfare enthusiast, gleefully describes tularemia in his book *Tomorrow's Weapons*, considered the bible of chemical-biological warfare fans:

Tularemia
(Rabbit fever, deer fly f.)

DESCRIPTION. An acute infectious disease, often bizarre in its manifestations, but usually with same type of onset. The symptoms begin abruptly with fever (between 101 degrees and 105 degrees F.), severe headache, sharp chill, nausea, vomiting and extreme prostration. Drenching sweats, aching pains in the back and extremities, and weakness are likely to be present. . . .
The typhoid and ingestion types are severe, and convulsions, coma and death may come quickly.

The tularemia proposal was only one of a number of ideas coming from the Defense Department for the use of biological-chemical "incapacitants" in Vietnam. A highly placed official at State, appalled by what was happening, leaked the information to a friend in Washington. Similar reports were received by Stanley Newman, legislative assistant to Congressman William Fitts Ryan, and Washington members of the Physicians for Social Responsibility. This national group of prominent M.D.'s launched a letter writing campaign to their Congressmen, eliciting flat denials by the Defense Department of any intention to use chemical-biological warfare. The PSR charged that Defense had a contract for germ warfare research with Travelers Research Corporation of Hartford, a charge later substantiated by Washington reporter Jack Anderson. The Defense Department, which consistently denied any such contract with Travelers, was caught in an outright lie. Dr. Shirley C. Fisk, a deputy assistant secretary of defense, even telephoned sponsors of the PSR to try to pressure them into resigning from the group. But the PSR had already raised enough of a stink that the plan to use tularemia plague and other germs in Vietnam was apparently shelved. The various memos advocating their use remain secret at the Defense Department and at State.

The Institute for Cooperative Research is preparing for future escalation of chemical-biological aspects of the war

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in Vietnam. Penn's scientists are presently at work, perfecting military uses for LSD-25, Anthrax and nerve gases.

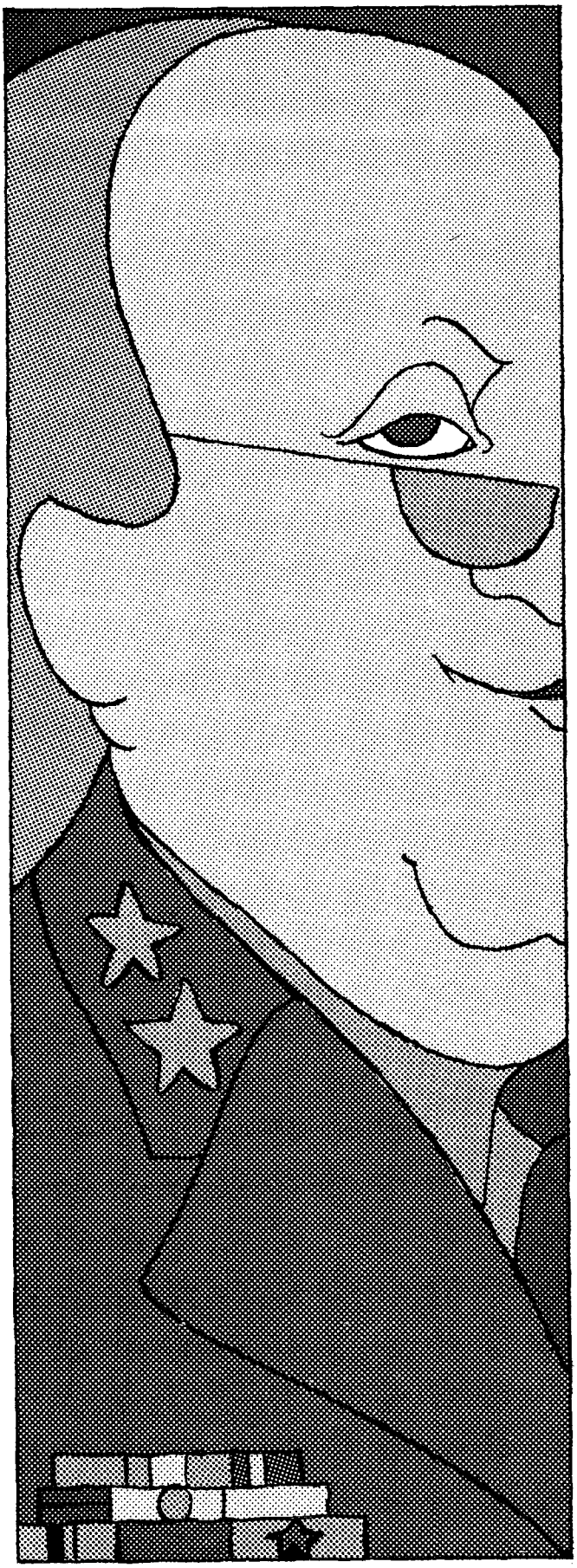
Penn's president, Gaylord P. Harnwell, sees himself as protecting the principle of "academic freedom" by allowing his school's germ warfare work. "There is a broader university principle involved here," the president said, "the freedom of the faculty to do research into any area they want to. I have a responsibility for the University and for being sure that everybody here has the best educational opportunities. However I can't tell people what they ought to research. I don't presume to tell anyone that certain kinds of research are inappropriate." An interesting footnote is President Harnwell's own participation in a biological warfare project 15 years ago.

In the light of the grisly work that goes on at the Institute for Cooperative Research, Harnwell's laissez-faire attitude toward university research suggests that with a PhD and a foundation willing to provide support, Al Capone could have found a hospitable climate at Penn for a research project into the security systems of various Philadelphia banks.

There is at least one person on campus who doesn't qualify his positive ideological commitment to germ warfare. He is Dr. Knut Krieger, a white-maned professor of chemistry in his fifties, a pedestrian figure who has been directing operations "Spicerack" and "Summit" since their inception. Although the research is fairly remote from Krieger's original scholarly interests, he has developed a special fondness for the new challenges. Krieger admits that the principal motive for the continuation of the project is not intellectual curiosity. "I like to believe that we are making some small contribution to the national defense," said Krieger. "I would like to believe the government was doing what it thought best. If the government uses it for defense purposes, it has come to a considered judgment that that's the thing to do. My own feeling is that chemical-biological warfare is a little less inhumane than conventional weapons."

The University's prestige has suffered greatly from its widely known involvement in germ warfare. A number of faculty members are so disturbed about the germ warfare project that they have threatened to resign. A distinguished scientist stood up at a recent faculty senate meeting and declared: "I am ashamed to be associated with a university that has a bunch of Dachau Doctors."

But the "Dachau Doctors" are staying. Recently the University approved a one-year renewal of the contracts for "Spicerack" and "Summit," at a sum of $900,000. As Dr. Krieger announced the new contracts he pointed out: "The emphasis of the studies, while originally very military in purpose, have become even more so."



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[The Foreign Policy Research Institute]

. . . To train research fellows for service in the research and analysis branches of U.S. foreign policy and national security agencies . . .

(The Institute's Report on Operations, 1964)

THE INSTITUTE BEGAN in 1955 with the aid of the head of the Vick's Chemical Corporation, to rub out communism.

The social scientists at FPRI who work just down the block on Walnut Street from the Institute for Cooperative Research, push a hard political line—tough, uncompromising anticommunism and a policy of military and political initiatives against the Communist bloc.

The director, founder and moving force behind the FPRI is Robert Strausz-Hupé, an urbane and distinguished looking professor of political science in his late sixties, who still bears the heavily cultivated Viennese accent and East European mannerisms he brought with him to this country before the war. The Institute's advisory committee, which includes Admiral Radford, the ex-chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, reads more like the board of directors of an Eastern investment house than an academic institute. The Institute has always been well-financed, not only through defense contracts but through private, business-sponsored foundations as well. It began with a large grant from the Richardson Foundation, a creation of the Vick's Chemical Corporation of Vapo-rub fame.

Strausz-Hupé and his associates at the FPRI are activists. They are uninhibited about pushing their right-wing views in reports to the Defense Department and in the mass media. Their grim, humorless reaction to every instance of naiveté about the "communist menace" is typified by a letter that Strausz-Hupé sent to the New York Times in 1964. The movie Dr. Strangelove had upset the professor:

". . . Mr. Kubrick's creation represents the most vicious attack to date launched by . . . our mass media against the American military profession.

"I ignore the inwardness of Mr. Kubrick's purpose. Anyone who cares to scan the Soviet press and the communist press in other lands will note that it is one of the principal communist objectives to drive a wedge between the American people and their leaders."

The FPRI and Strausz-Hupé are equally sensitive to any criticism of the CIA, an organization for which they show an almost filial affection. The Institute's quarterly journal, Orbis, edited by Strausz-Hupé, ran a review of *The Invisible Government*, a book critical of the CIA. The review echoed a familiar theme of Strausz-Hupé's—that criticism of the CIA was playing into the hands of communist propaganda. The review also defended the CIA's use of universities as both legitimate and desirable.

Recently the office of Adam Clayton Powell's House Committee on Education publicly announced it had received an anonymous letter charging that a CIA operation existed at the University of Pennsylvania. While refusing to release the letter, a member of the committee staff revealed that the letter had been written by a faculty member at the University, and further, that he had identified the FPRI as affiliated with the CIA. The atmosphere at the Institute reeks so heavily of intelligence and security that such serious suspicions seem warranted.

William Kintner, the deputy director of the Institute, has had a long career in military intelligence which included two years as a high CIA official. Director Strausz-Hupé also has a background in military intelligence, as have many of the investigators who have staffed the Institute's classified Defense Department projects (six such projects in the last five years). Members of the active military are also welcome. Air Force Colonel Paul Scott, a veteran of intelligence work from his days as a military attaché in Moscow, had a resident fellowship at the Institute last year, paid for by the Air Force.

One of the Central Intelligence Agency's most successful coups provided the Foreign Policy Research Institute with a unique research opportunity. After the CIA helped engineer the overthrow of the leftist-leaning Arbenz regime in Guatemala in 1954, an enormous collection of documents, including official government papers and private letters from government officials, found their way to the United States. Somehow the Foreign Policy Research Institute managed to get exclusive use of these documents. Arthur Whitaker, an associate of the Institute and on the history faculty at Penn, arranged to have the documents made available to the FPRI through "State Department contacts" which he refused to identify further. Whitaker supervised a study based on the documents, authored by Ronald Schneider and published by Praeger, entitled, *Communism in Guatemala 1944-1954*. Schneider went on to a job with the intelligence section (Latin America branch) at the State Department.

THE MEMBERS OF THE Institute push their political line in manifold ways. In 1959 at the authorization of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and in conjunction with the Institute for American Strategy (another ultra-conservative organization financed by the Richardson Foundation), the FPRI developed a curriculum and supplied the teachers for a National Strategy

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Seminar. The Seminar, held in Washington at the National War College, was attended by 200 carefully selected reserve officers in all branches of the service, on two weeks' active-duty-for-training. This elite group of influential citizens included two state governors, three congressmen, educators and newspapermen from practically every state in the Union—all well-situated to carry on the military indoctrination of American civilians.

This arrangement for pushing right wing views through the military was a cause of concern to Senator Fulbright, who in 1961 read into the Congressional Record a memo which he had addressed to the Administration. Fulbright said:

"The relationships between the Foreign Policy Research Institute, the Institute for American Strategy, The Richardson Foundation, the National War College, and the Joint Chiefs of Staff, should be re-examined from the standpoint of whether these relationships do not amount to official support for a viewpoint at variance with that of the Administration. These relationships may give one particularly aggressive view a more direct and commanding influence upon military and civilian concepts of strategy than is desirable."

Despite the strong rightward leanings of Strausz-Hupé and his colleagues, the Institute has fought hard to maintain an image of scholarliness and objectivity, an effort rewarded by considerable bipartisan support. The tenth anniversary celebration of the Institute last year testified to Strausz-Hupé's ability to make friends in high places—the sponsors included such diverse figures as Barry Goldwater, Jacob Javits, Allen Dulles and Adlai Stevenson. The keynote address was delivered by Governor William Scranton.

Strausz-Hupé denies that the Institute presents a monolithic point of view. He points to the many books turned out under the FPRI imprimatur and the diversity of opinion expressed by the authors. "The Institute is uninterested in the political views of its staff," said Strausz-Hupé, pointing to a graduate research assistant employed by the Institute, who was also a member of the committee opposed to the war in Vietnam. His remark was technically accurate, although at the time he made it, the graduate assistant had already been told that his research position would not be renewed. There is also a self-confessed "card-carrying member of ADA" on the staff of the Institute.

But the presence of an occasional liberal does not prevent the foreign policy views of Strausz-Hupé from dominating the major staff-produced works of the Institute. Two early works that spelled out the guiding ideological assumptions of the FPRI, authored by Strausz-Hupé, Kintner and other members of the staff, were *Protracted Conflict* and *A Forward Strategy for America*.

The books were the result of three intensive years of study and discussion by all the Institute associates, including an around-the-world tour, to gather the opinions of American military and political officials stationed overseas. The tour was financed by the Richardson Foundation with the cooperation of the State Department. A draft of the finished study was submitted for the views of 40 officers on the staff of the Army War College, and discussed with the military men at a two-day seminar at the War College in Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

The first of the books, *Protracted Conflict*, presents an analysis of the threat posed by international communism, while the second companion volume offers a strategy for dealing with that threat. The dominant theme of both books is the belief that we are already involved in a World War III and that talk of reducing tension is a chimera. The strategy proposed is an all-out military and political offensive that would carry the initiative to the communist world. Nothing else about the books need be said other than that they make a good argument for preventive war as an instrument of American foreign policy.

RECENTLY THE INSTITUTE has become interested in guerrilla warfare. It is now preparing a classified study for the Navy titled, "The Nature of Sublimited Warfare," a fancy name for guerrilla war. The study will provide the Navy with a strategic briefing on what to expect in the Vietnams of the future. The FPRI proposal states that the study will help to accomplish the following objectives (among others):

. . . develop or extend national strategic doctrine and naval doctrine in order to deter, plan for, cooperate in, cope with and/or control SLW (Sub-Limited Warfare).
. . . explicitly derive maritime operational requirements for the conduct of SLW operations.
. . . review contemporary and projected alternative maritime force structures and weaponry in the light of the doctrines developed.

The study for the Navy is obviously considered "hot." Four of the five principal investigators (including Strausz-Hupé and Kintner) hold top secret security clearances (the fifth has only a secret clearance) and even the administrators, research assistants and secretaries require secret clearances.

A large part of the work of the Foreign Policy Research Institute is nothing but sophisticated military intelligence and strategy dressed up by some footnotes and fashionable social science jargon. Like Political Science 551 and the Institute for Cooperative Research, the work of the Foreign Policy Research Institute might profitably be transferred to the Defense Department. It certainly would save a lot of bookkeeping.

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The Soprano on West 15th Street

Crimes without victims. Five years for Ginzburg on obscenity. Thirty years for Leary, the LSD man, on a marijuana charge. Ken Kesey. Others. Hysteria. Nobody hurt, right?

THINK ABOUT IT. Five years for trying to get a mailing permit from Intercourse, Pennsylvania. God Is Dead. Five years and $10,000 for tearing up a draft card. Atoms. Galaxies. Of American wives between 25 and 45, 22 per cent of non-Catholics use birth control pills, and 18 per cent of Catholics. Alienation. LSD is useful in the treatment of autistic children in mental institutions. The New Left. The First Amendment, says The New York Times, does not "protect the use of marijuana and other drugs." Is God Dead?

> . . . she asks me about humanity an i say i'm not sure what that word means. she wants me t say what she wants me t say. she wants me to say what she can understand

Or if you don't like that try this:

> The pace at which changes during these years have taken place is unexampled in earlier history, as is the very nature of these changes. . . . We have modified our environment so radically that we must now modify ourselves in order to exist in this new environment. We can no longer live in the old one.

It is one of the unfortunate asides of history that Norbert Wiener died without the opportunity to become a Bob Dylan fan.

There were two voices inside of me, really, and one of them said, yes, Epton and the DuBois Clubs belong on this list, and the other said no, they don't, and they were both right, I think.

One voice was right because the prosecution of Progressive Labor Party leader Bill Epton for criminal anarchy (Doesn't it turn your stomach?), and the pile-driver-for-a-nutcracker assault on the DuBois Clubs by Attorney General Katzenbach, come out of the same murky region of non-thought as Justice Brennan's incredible assault on Ralph Ginzburg's advertising campaigns, or the sentencing of Dr. Leary to 30 years in jail, not even for giving anybody marijuana, but simply for carrying some around and for failing to pay a tax on it which nobody ever seriously tries to collect.

But the other voice was right too because as much as I like a couple of the people I know in the DuBois Clubs, I think the Clubs and Epton and the Progressive Labor Party share one of the identifying characteristics of the Justice Brennans and the draft boards and the Katzenbachs: the inability to perceive that there is a reality out there whether we like it or not.

When I wrote that, I looked out a window to my left, which faces not the street but an inner courtyard, or airhole, or something, so that all I saw was the brick walls of the apartment house and a bunch of other windows variously staring back at me. But as I looked I also listened, and what I heard was a radio or a phonograph or possibly even a television set, and the sound was a soprano, with orchestra, singing "*Un Bel Di, Vedremo.*"

Beyond the brick walls and across a stack of other apartments like mine there is a street, and conceivably, well within the bounds of logic, there could be an orchestra and a soprano out there in the street. But we know there isn't don't we? On West 15th Street in Manhattan on a Sunday afternoon there might be a dressed-up Puerto Rican singing out loud to himself as he walks down the street, but to put a soprano and an orchestra out there, we would have to want badly to believe in something, something that would make their presence at least a medium-order probability.

Somewhere in this stack of apartments like mine there is probably, right now, somebody smoking pot, not hurting anybody at all including him(her)self. What is it that I would *need* to believe in, in order to believe that there is something menacing about him, something dangerous to me, to mine, to the nation, to society?

I see that I will have to say something about the crimes themselves which are without victims. And the first thing I see that I will have to say is that "rights" don't have any-

by Gene Marine

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thing to do with it. I don't want to say that—it's not the direction in which I want the argument to go—but there it is. Let us begin with the Messrs. Ginzburg and Mishkin, with *Fanny Hill* and the *Memoirs of a Russian Princess* or *Countess* or whatever it was I read when I was a kid about the woman with the trained dog and the astonishingly endowed suitors.

The argument my emotions want to make is this: all this jazz about prurient interest and redeeming social value and contemporary average standards leaves me cold. What business is it of yours, Justice Brennan, or yours, dear reader, if I want to read a dirty book that was written with no other purpose but to titillate me, or to look at obscene photographs of six naked people posed in improbable but explicit erotic positions? I mean, suppose I just *like* being titillated? Why do I have to pretend I'm buying The New York Times Magazine to read about Indonesia when what I really like are the brassiere ads?

MORE TO THE POINT: I think anyone who will stand under a shower with the cold water turned fully on is a pathological masochist, but I wouldn't dream of trying to pass a law against it. I might even argue, over the apples and cheese and walnuts after a good dinner, that a cold shower is a hell of a lot more directly a sexual activity than looking at pictures—but I still wouldn't try to pass a law against it.

That's the argument my guts want to make—ending with the "discovery" that it's all a matter of taste anyway, that I sensually enjoy my warm shower too, just as you do your copy of Playboy, which turns me off completely. So we're different, which is nobody's business but yours and mine and a couple of other people's, but certainly not Justice Brennan's.

But that argument not only doesn't tie Ginzburg to Kesey or obscenity to LSD, it isn't even what the Ginzburg case is about. *Vide:*

Before we can arrive at anything about your Playboy and my brassiere ads, I have to admit that I like dirty pictures, right?

Now a lot of this admitting is going on these days. If you're going to sit in Sproul Hall and get hauled out by the cops, all because the university administration is full of hypocrites, the chances are that you're going to take at least a brief look at yourself to see whether you're a hypocrite too. If you're going to be tough about measuring your leaders—administrative, political, philosophical, whatever—against that reality out there, then you're going to measure yourself a little too.

And there are all these students running around and doing things—students who have read books by a few people like Camus who have something to say about accepting reality whether you like it or not, including the reality of what you are. I don't think Justice Brennan is a dolt, but I don't think he's big on Camus either.

We all know censors are dirty-minded people, and if we're worried about *rights* we argue with them. We say, "It isn't dirty, it's art," or it has "redeeming social importance," and they say, "It isn't art, it's dirty," and we fight.

But something new is going on here. We can't settle for the fact that our censor is dirty-minded. We have to note that he's a dirty-minded type who won't accept that he's dirty-minded. Or won't even look close enough to see that it is there to accept. And that in turn means he cannot comprehend that a lot of people, an increasing number of people, are willing to come right out and be honest.

And instead of saying, "It isn't dirty, it's art," I say, "I like dirty pictures, and it's none of your business." How does he respond? He can only respond, "You're sick," or "You're a degenerate," or "You're evil," or—with astonishing frequency—"You must be lying." Otherwise he has to say, "It's okay for you to like dirty pictures"—which means that it's okay for *him* too, which means in turn that there isn't any orchestra playing in 15th Street and his whole life is so much loosely woven Spandex thread.

You see, I think it has something to do with "God is Dead," and it has something to do with The New Left, and it certainly has something to do with amino acids and alienation and nuclear physics and existentialism and conditioned reflexes and astronauts. But it all needs to be put together in neat little linear sentences, and being a piece of reality, it isn't linear at all, it's structural, like one of those pipe scaffolds they put up to reface a big building. So be patient. And let us turn to the seductive and forbidden fragrance of the *cannabis*.

Obscenity is admittedly more fun, because ultimately we will come to speak of something called "morality," a word that makes most of us think of sex. But we mean something more, and marijuana as a subject is free from much of the garbage we all carry around in our heads when we talk about matters sexual.

I have before me a New York Times editorial which pontificates that "Experience has tragically demonstrated that marijuana is not 'harmless.' For a considerable number of young people who try it, it is the first step down the fateful road to heroin."

THERE IS A SOPRANO singing in 15th Street again. Because practically everybody, including editorial writers at the Times, now knows that marijuana *is* harmless. There is no secret ingredient in a joint that slowly makes the user heroin-prone. It's at least less harmful than tobacco, booze, or the air in most of our major cities. *There is a reality out there.*

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But it is the second sentence that is interesting. When I was a lad of considerably fewer summers, marijuana—unlike LSD or Enovid—had already existed for many a generation. When I undertook to write a college paper on its characteristics, I can recall that my teacher asked a question, and I convulsed the class by forgetting, when I answered, to pretend that I had learned the answer from a book.

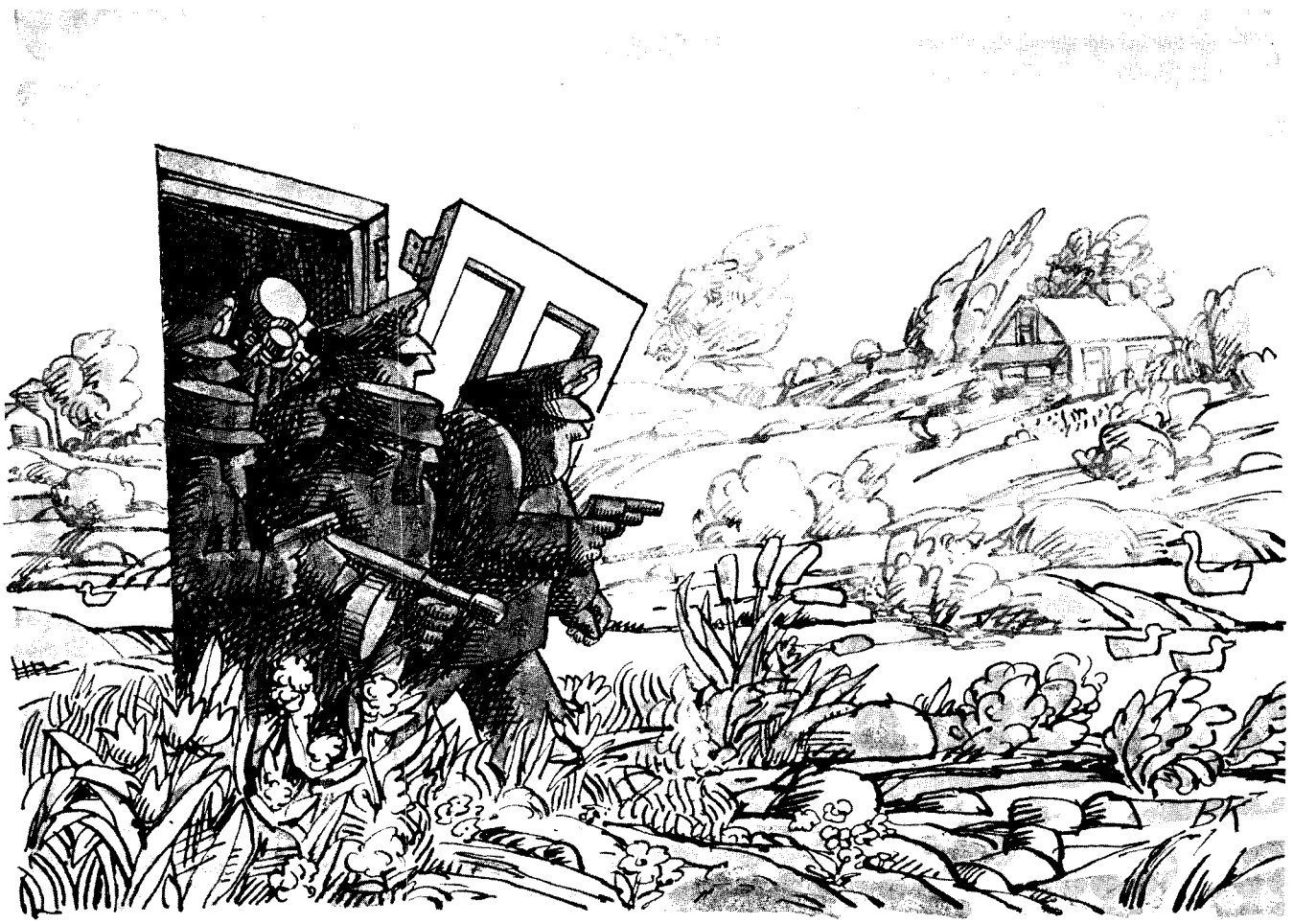
Had the Times editorial appeared *then*, its argument would have been valid. Marijuana (which was much harder to get then than now) was available principally from those who sold heroin, and it was available principally *because* they sold heroin. Since newspapers and cops and other molders of public opinion persisted in arguing that marijuana was the life food of mad rapists and the horrifying downfall of virgins, the pusher had only to argue, after a bit: "See? They were lying to you about marijuana. You're not a dope fiend or anything, and you're not addicted. It's just fun. So don't believe any of that stuff. Look, this powder here is an even *better* kick."

But that was *then*. *Then*, marijuana was a strange and mysterious thing, and so was heroin. A narcotics addict was a tragic figure or a horrifying one—but a damned *rare* one. And nobody, but nobody, knew anything, really, about narcotics or addiction.

And this is *now*. Everybody knows about junkies. Don Murray and Edd Byrnes and Frank Sinatra and Mickey Rooney and Julie Harris and Eartha Kitt have all been junkies in movies and on television. Young people who can judge qualities of pot with a single connoisseur's sniff would no more consider a shot of heroin than they would buy a Mantovani record. The reality out there has *changed*.

I have also before me the remarks of Superior Judge Francis McCarty of California (in and for the County of San Francisco), faced with a 19-year-old girl taking a marijuana rap. "I suppose," said the judge, "it's part of a world revolution. There seems to be a resentment of authority for the sake of resentment alone."

Now Fran McCarty is a nice old Irishman who has been kicking around San Francisco politics for rather longer than I can remember, and he *did* put the girl on probation (maybe because she was pregnant), but those are a couple of pretty revealing sentences. Because in those two sentences you can see two things: first, a guy who



Illustrations by B. Kliban

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knows there is something here he doesn't understand, and who might even try to understand it; and second, a guy who never will understand no matter how hard he tries.

What is it the judge is lamenting? What is the lament of all the good-hearted, well-meaning people who, more in sorrow than in anger, must crack down on the young marijuana user, the reader of *Candy*, the self-explorer with the LSD cube?

Their lament is this: "They won't listen to us. We *tell* them it's wrong, and they keep doing it. We understand that many of them are confused and alienated, and we want to help, but they keep getting in trouble, doing all these wrong things."

Then there was Sammy Blank; that was his name. He was a pretty good trombone player, because you had to be pretty good to work with Ted Lewis, and one night some years ago in San Francisco, Sammy was foisted off as a guest on Jimmy Lyons, who had a jazz show on KNBC. Jimmy struggled manfully along for a while, and finally asked Sammy what he thought of then-current jazz trombonists like Bill Harris and Kai Winding.

"I think it's ridiculous," Sammy answered. "All these guys now playing flute solos on the trombone. I think it's wrong—they shouldn't do that."

Not, you will note, "I don't like it." Certainly not, "I can't do what they do" (for all I know he could). Not even, "I don't understand it." But: "*I think it's wrong—they shouldn't do that.*"

There are new kinds of trombones, and new ways to play them, and fiberglass poles for pole vaulters (the old pole vaulters say it's wrong, they shouldn't do that), and you can teach set theory in the second grade, and young people *know* about marijuana (and about heroin, too), and who's alienated?

There's a dizzying, spinning madness of galaxies out there that goes on and on and on, and I myself am a dizzying, spinning madness of space and charged particles and states of excitation, and damn it, I don't understand it all, it's not what I learned in school or even in college and I'm SCARED!!

Yes, the young people of the civil rights movement, and the peace movement, and the community action movement, are indeed alienated. But they are not alienated from reality. You who are going around judging them are alienated from reality. *They* are only alienated from *you*, and a damn good thing, too, because you still think there's a soprano on 15th Street, and they have learned that you have to check to be sure there's still a 15th Street.

So there is the rate of technological change. Not the change itself, which there has always been, but as Dr. Wiener noted, "the pace at which changes have taken place" and "the very nature of those changes."

Does technological change, of whatever kind and at whatever pace, produce Ginzburg? Does it produce Leary? Marijuana parties on the Upper West Side? Katzenbach's ridiculous assault on the DuBois Clubs? Not *apparently*. But I think yes, and rather more than that.

The reaction of a Katzenbach or a Justice Brennan or a plain old ordinary cop is almost as though they fear, not obscenity or marijuana or dissent, but some kind of nebulous, dimly perceived revolution that embraces them all. And that, I think, is just what they are about to get, what in fact they are getting.

WE KNOW SO MANY THINGS. A generation ago a "conditioned reflex" was pulling your hand back off a hot stove (and we were wrong even about that, by the way—that's a reflex that doesn't have to be conditioned). Now we have not only all seen, but in a general way we have all understood "The Manchurian Candidate." Those of us who are college-trained understand quite well the uses of conditioning in, say, magazine or television advertising (and those of us who like dirty pictures are consequently able to enjoy a lot of advertising, "Does your wife fear the stick shift?"—on the level of sophisticated, i.e., dirty—entertainment).

But we also know, as our fathers never did, the techniques of manipulation to which we are subjected by our political and our administrative leaders. It is no longer sufficient for J. Edgar Hoover merely to intone that marijuana is the tool of the devil and the precursor of rapine and pillage. We simply know better. He convinces only our confused parents, who are as afraid as he is of the endless whirling of endless galaxies.

We know so many things. For generation upon generation our parents passed on a system of morality that got built centuries ago on some simple economic facts—like that it isn't smart to have a bunch of babies when there are no daddies to take care of them—and in one lifetime's length the diaphragm was succeeded by the pill.

But it's *wrong*, you keep saying, and you put Ginzburg in jail to prove it; and you say, "But it's *wrong*," in just the same tone the good-hearted citizen of Georgia uses when you ask him why he opposes integrated schools.

When you're terrified by the spinning and endless galaxies; when you whimper at the thought that you yourself are a temporary and highly improbable eddy in an entropic stream; when you have to hide from the solitary shriek of aloneness, aloneness, aloneness . . . you hide in small and tightly wound snail-shells of certainty. It's rebellion against the father-figure. It's resentment for resentment's sake. It's a decline in spiritual values. It's the communists or the yankees or the smut peddlers or the

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fluoridationists or those screaming nuisances singing soprano on 15th Street on Sunday afternoon.

And like any other paranoid, you become sly. Without knowing that what you fear is a new reality, you lash out —and you hit the carriers of the new reality, in their various guises.

But you're going to lose. There is still a wince of what you taught me, but I can say out loud that I like dirty pictures. There is still a wince of loving an old and precious dream, but I can say out loud that my country is on the wrong side of a revolution that can and must win. There is still a wince of terror, but I can look at the stars.

What you do to my "rights" is only a symptom of the fact that you're still in charge. To you, marijuana is still the road to heroin, LSD is still an infantile escape (from what you still think is reality), obscenity is still what you wouldn't have wanted your children to read because your mother wouldn't have approved of it. To you, Bob Dylan is just this generation's Frank Sinatra. Poor you.

We have in this nation a growing hysteria about crimes without victims. We have it because a frightened society, unwilling to give up a reality 30 years old and distorted at that, must either hit back at today's reality or join it—and the price of joining is too great; one has to tumble down too many old blocks before one starts to build again. The change is too fast for the adjusted mind.

It is the world of a messy discarded rubber condom in the gutter, trying to judge the world of Enovid. It is the world of Stepin Fetchit trying to judge the world of Julian Bond. It is the world of Billy Mitchell vs. the battleship, of the Young Socialist Alliance and the Young Communist League, of *Sanctuary* and *Ulysses*—trying to judge the world of the fission-fusion bomb, of the DuBois Clubs and SDS, of *Candy* and *The Carpetbaggers* and *Justine*.

I wrote once—as have many other people—that the "student movement" today is largely a movement of outrage. Well, so is the persecution of the guy who sells me dirty pictures and marijuana and LSD, and of the guy who burns his draft card or opposes the war in Vietnam.

The difference is that young people are outraged because the conduct of their leaders does not square with reality. Their leaders are outraged because the young people are right.

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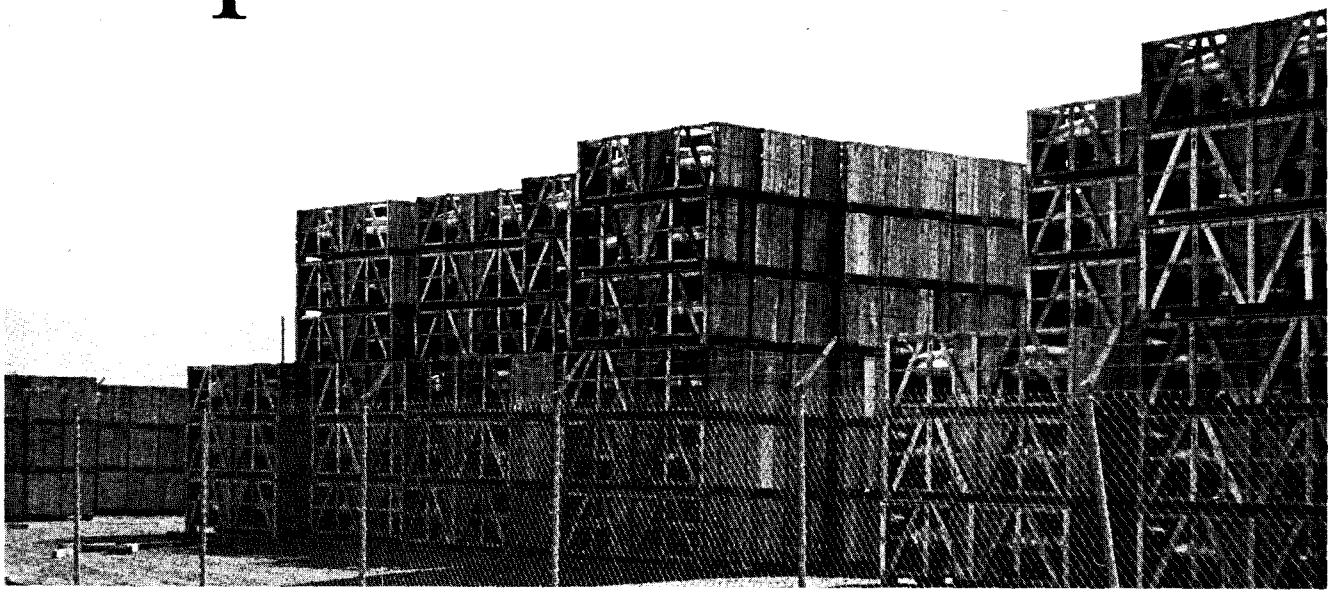
Napalm: Made in U.S.A.



A Smalltown Diary by James F. Colaianni

MARCH 20: Tomorrow the Redwood City port commissioners will meet to consider an application for the use of Redwood City port facilities to manufacture napalm. Napalm? In Redwood City? What time is that meeting?

MARCH 21, 3 p.m.: The port office is located in the heart of an ugly, marshy stretch of acreage that is the Redwood City (California) port area. Nearby a cluster of small pleasure boats wait to be untied by their owners on the weekend. Scattered all around are large, cylindrical gasoline storage tanks. The tanks owned by Standard Oil Company squat on the two acres of land proposed for the napalm plant. The dingy, frame building which houses the port offices is bulging with people. Some are holding anti-napalm signs (Would Napalm Convert You To Democracy?); some are holding children; most are there to protest.

The meeting begins in the port manager's office; five commissioners, the City Attorney, the port manager, a man representing the napalm manufacturer and a few functionaries around a table. About a dozen of the protestors manage to squeeze in. Six or seven dozen are cramped into the reception room, spilling out onto the porch. No one outside the port manager's office can hear or see what's going on at the meeting, where a letter from Standard Oil Company is being read by a clerk. The huge oil company presently leases 2.18 acres of port property. They seek the commissioners' permission to sublease this facility to United Technology Center (a subsidiary of United Aircraft). U.T.C. will use the facility to produce 100 million pounds of napalm under a contract with the Department of Defense.

Following the reading of the letter, two or three protestors inside the room express their views: "If you could actually see the bodies of men, women and children burned by this weapon, you would act to prevent Redwood City from becoming a name to go down in history with Buchenwald." "Redwood City will become known as a place where flaming death is manufactured."

MARCH 21, 5 p.m.: Port commissioners meeting reconvened after much protest to accommodate the public. Chairman announces ground rules for intervention by the public from the floor: speeches limited to two minutes; moral issue not open to consideration. Olive Mayer, a local engineer, is recognized. She looks the chairman square in the eye as she tells of her reaction to the sight of the Belsen gas ovens: "As a professional engineer I knew that other members of my profession planned and engineered these ovens as execution chambers. The manufacturer's name was proudly displayed over the doors of the ovens. Engineers had to calculate the number of victims to be accommodated, means of ingress and egress, how many to be executed at one time, etc. Local government and professional people had to be involved in providing for locations for the manufacture of these ovens, just as you commissioners are now called upon to make a decision concerning a napalm factory." Elena Greene (wife of film-maker Felix Greene) tells the commissioners, "You are committing thousands of people to

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death by permitting this lease. I don't know how you can sleep nights." Finally Professor Bruce Franklin of Stanford's English Department rises. He tries to explain how napalm is used against the Viet Cong and innocent civilians. Menifee slams his gavel down so hard it cracks, "Get that man out of here," he shouts.

As the Deputy Chief of Police drags Franklin down the aisle, the crowd's attention thus diverted, the brave commissioners, with great circumspection, pass a resolution approving the napalm facility, and then, literally, sneak out a back door before the protestors realize what is happening. As I leave the room I hear Franklin say, "It's a railroad: you have just seen what has happened to American democracy."

MARCH 24: Return from a business trip to learn I've been appointed chairman of the newly-formed Redwood City Committee Against Napalm (RCCAN). I accept. Review press clips of the last three days. One port commissioner told the press that napalm in Redwood City was great. "It will put us on the map." A councilman talked about the "economic boom" for Redwood City. (The napalm manufacturer pays $327 a month rent; it takes only a handful of workers to produce napalm at the plant's full capacity.) A Redwood City Tribune editorial thought it best to leave such issues "to the military."

MARCH 26: Consultation with our attorney. Under the terms of the City Charter we can file a petition for referendum challenging the port commissioner's action. We need about 2500 signatures (10 per cent of registered voters) in the next 25 days. Attorney is drafting petition. Contributions beginning to come in. Our committee now 41 strong.

MARCH 28: Receive report on Redwood City clergy survey from RCCAN Vice-Chairman, Rev. William Houff, a Unitarian Minister. There are 30 religious congregations in Redwood City. Eight Protestant ministers have identified themselves with our committee. All the others remain noncommital. Monsignor Joseph D. Munier, pastor at Mt. Carmel R.C. Church (Redwood City's largest) told Bill Houff that "privately" he "condemned napalm" as an "abhorrent weapon," then added, "But I can only say this privately . . . I cannot take a public stand without orders from upstairs. After all, you know what my congregation is like." (A fair microcosm of the Redwood City clergy.)

MARCH 29: Professor Franklin presents me with a copy of "Emergency Report On the Manufacture and Use of Napalm," compiled by the research staff of the Stanford Committee For Peace In Vietnam. It defines napalm as "a highly inflammable substance made by adding thickeners to aviation gas. It has the appearance of bee's honey and the consistency of a sticky jelly . . . designed and used as an incendiary bomb." According to the report, a new type of napalm—napalm-B—is to be manufactured in Redwood City. "Various thickeners have been used to produce napalm. The first thickeners were developed under contract to the Chemical Warfare Service in 1944-45. It had been discovered that ordinary gasoline was unsuitable for use as an incendiary because of its rapid dispersal once dropped. A thickener was therefore required. Recently, a new and more efficient thickener has been devised—polystyrene, which produces a more adhesive type of napalm. This type, designated napalm-B, consists of approximately 50 per cent polystyrene, 25 per cent benzene, and 25 per cent gasoline." The report indicates that most of the napalm used to date in Vietnam has been from Korea and World War II stockpiles. However, enormous quantities of new napalm are now being ordered by the Defense Department. "Chemical and Engineering News reported that 25 million pounds of polystyrene a month will be used in the production of napalm. This means that roughly 50 million pounds of napalm is to be produced every month . . . 100,000 500-pound firebombs a month." Other material in the report merely confirms other massive, unchallenged evidence, that the United States military has been responsible for enormous civilian casualties in Vietnam—perhaps as many as 300,000 to 400,000 killed. Those killed by napalm are literally roasted alive.

I recall the priest's sermon at Mass last Sunday. He was defending the Church's right to identify and preach certain moral absolutes, e.g., "Under no circumstances is it morally acceptable for a validly married person to divorce and re-marry." I can't help wondering: If he can be all that absolute about marriage, why can't he preach "Under no circumstances is it morally acceptable for a nation to pursue a military adventure that includes roasting babies alive with napalm?" I must call him. Port facility is being prepared for napalm production. The men who took our pictures and license numbers at the port commissioners meeting are still doing it whenever you go near the plant.

MARCH 30: RCCAN meeting. Petitions ready. Our membership now at 60 and still growing. Final instructions on signature solicitation given. All agree that the project will be carried out with dignity and self-restraint. All agree not to respond to name-calling and similar harassment. Enthusiasm high. We have 21 days to obtain the required signatures.

Photographs by Erik Weber

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MARCH 31: After a long conversation with that priest about moral absolutes I remember only one thing he was absolutely sure about: he would not sign our petition.

APRIL 1: Press conference. Big TV-radio turnout. I announce the circulation of the referendum petition. Redwood City Tribune switches its editorial position: still against our cause, but in favor of "the people" voting on the issue. Activity intensifying at napalm site.

APRIL 2: Everyone working hard on petitions. Many reporting gross public ignorance and apathy. Someone tells of approaching a lady shopper in front of a supermarket. "Are you a registered voter?" "Yes." "What do you think about napalm?" "Oh, I use Tide."

APRIL 4: Seventy-two persons now soliciting signatures. We now call the list each night after ten to check the count. Tonight we went over 600.

APRIL 12: Mailbag includes strong endorsements by ILWU and Physicians for Social Responsibility. Letters coming in from all over the country. Mostly favorable. Many include checks.

APRIL 13: Regular Wednesday meeting. We have over 2000 signatures. City Attorney making statements which challenge the legality of our petition. Our counsel says all is well; our legal position secure.

APRIL 15: We file petition in five days. We are definitely going over the top. One of our workers roughed up a bit by four men in an apartment house. We will take no action.

APRIL 20: Petition containing 3761 signatures filed with City Clerk. She has ten days in which to certify it as sufficient or insufficient. The number filed is at least 1000 more than necessary.

APRIL 25: U.T.C. now actually producing napalm. City Clerk has done nothing with our petition. She obviously has no intention of putting machinery in motion for referendum election. Our attorney has moved for a hearing tomorrow before Superior Court Judge Melvin Cohn.

APRIL 26: Hearing in judge's chambers. City Attorney argues that our petition attacked the wrong document because, he said, "The Port Commission has signed a *new* lease with U.T.C." The Court seemed surprised. Our attorney and I are stunned. Judge Cohn tells us he'll give us a few hours "to try to resurrect your petition, but I don't see how you can since there is a new lease made by the port commissioners directly with U.T.C. After all, you did attack a sublease between Standard Oil and U.T.C." We leave with our tails between our legs and speed from the courthouse to the port office to examine the "new lease." There isn't any such lease. We rush back and tell the judge. He is furious. He had already given a statement to the press which indicated that we had a lost cause. He calls the City Attorney back into his chambers. (I recalled the scene that had taken place earlier that day. The City Attorney placed heavy emphasis on the potential financial loss to U.T.C. if the Court ruled in our favor and production was stopped. I was outraged. Here was our City Attorney arguing against the spirit of the City Charter and advocating for the financial well-being of a private corporation, which is none of his business as City Attorney. I called his position "unconscionable" and Judge Cohn threatened to throw me out of his chambers.) We wait for the kill. It never happens. The judge no longer furious. He quickly denies our application for a Temporary Restraining Order. Napalm would continue to be produced, pending a formal hearing on May 18.

MAY 1: Responding to the result of our first encounter with the judiciary, Bill Houff has organized a "silent vigil" at the napalm factory gate to continue until our next day in court. My wife and I try to explain to our six children why we stand on the vigil a few hours instead of going to Sunday Mass. During our watch the kids try to think up good slogans for anti-napalm signs. Louis (6) comes up with the best: "*Napalm Is Icky.*"

MAY 3: Bill Houff thinks it would be a good idea to have a talk with the mayor, who up to this time has remained silent on the issue. Bill reports that the mayor will see him only in presence of City Attorney. City Attorney confident the issue would never be voted upon by the people in a referendum election. It was his contention that if the courts ultimately ruled that our petition is valid it would not be economically tenable for the city to have a special election at a cost of $12,000, when the sublease rental was only $327.00 a month. He therefore felt that if we did prevail in court, the port commissioners should exercise their right to rescind their prior action and kick the napalm plant out, thereby eliminating the need for an election. This would seem to put our major detractors in the position of either backing off or adding the City Attorney to their list. In letters-to-the-editor, on street corners, at public gatherings, everywhere, they have been calling us "unpatriotic" and worse—because we were trying to kick out the napalm factory on moral grounds. Now the City Attorney and the port commissioners seem

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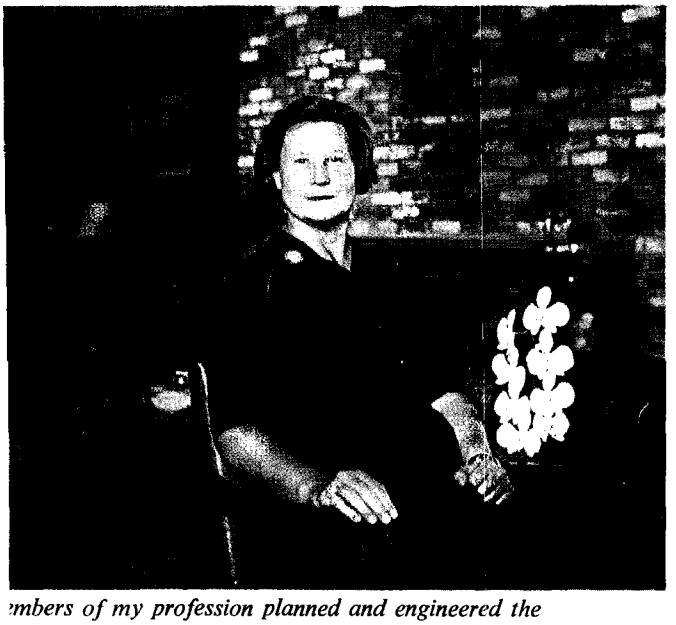
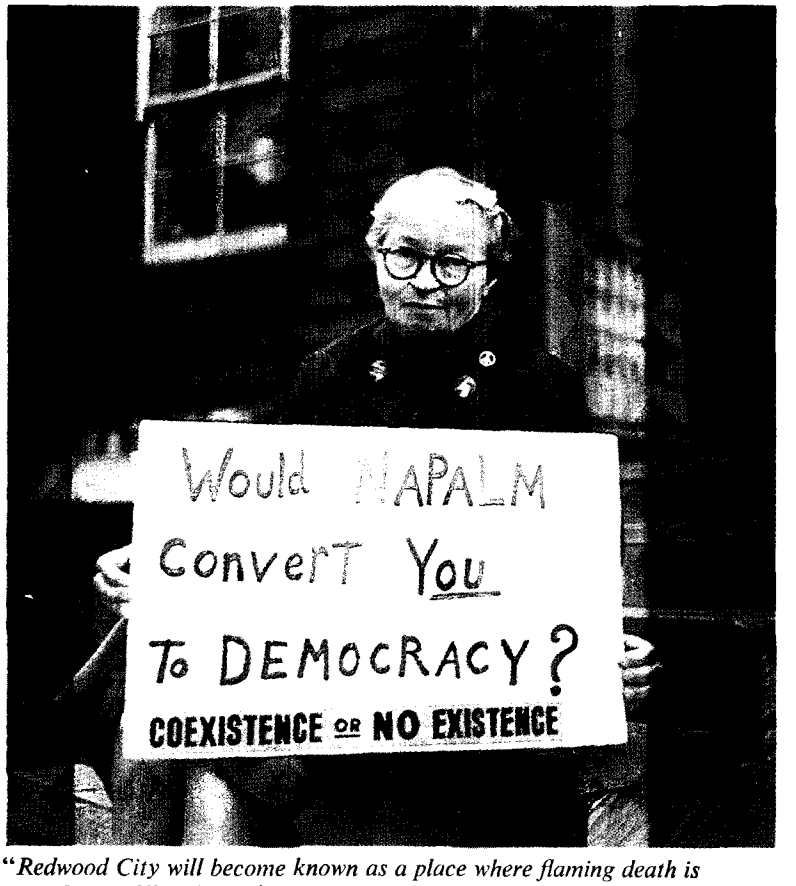
"It's a railroad: you have just seen what has happened to American democracy."
—Prof. Bruce Franklin

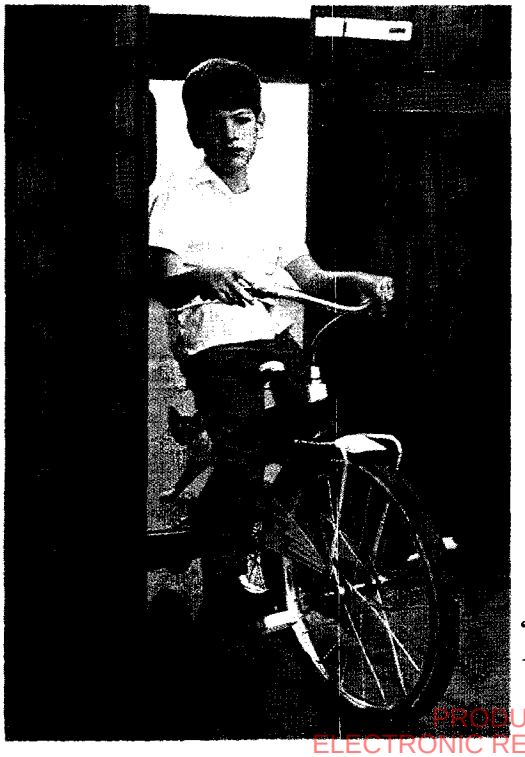
"The Mayor will see him (Rev. William Houff) *only in presence of the City Attorney."*



mbers of my profession planned and engineered the en gas ovens. History is repeating itself in wood City."
live Mayer



"Redwood City will become known as a place where flaming death is manufactured." —Ann Sims



"Napalm is icky."
—Louis Colaianni

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willing to kick them out too, but on economic grounds. Doesn't this make them "unpatriotic"; wouldn't they be "letting down our fighting men?"

MAY 8: At a vigil, U.T.C. continues to take photographs (with a big zoom camera which can be seen poking out from behind a steel girder about 100 feet inside the gate) and car license numbers (by a man in a trenchcoat who obviously enjoys playing detective). Worse still is the U.T.C. public relations man—an ex-FBI man named Donovan—who owns the world's phoniest smile. He stands at the gate, flashing his teeth, U.T.C.'s ultimate weapon against the pickets "causing trouble." We realize just how phony that smile is when we learn today that U.T.C. has been trying to get our pickets in trouble with their employers. One such call was made to a department head at Stanford Research Center in Palo Alto: "This is United Technology Center calling. We wondered if you knew where your employee, Robert Short, was yesterday. Did he tell you he was taking time off to picket our plant?"

MAY 16: The sight of those terrible, endless stacks of 500 and 750 pound bomb casings being filled with the vile jelly, some of which is destined to roast women and children alive is too much for two of our vigilers. Dr. Oliver Henderson and Aaron Manganiello arrested today for lying down in front of the wheels of a huge flatbed truck as it moved through the plant gate with its heavy load of napalm bombs.

MAY 18: After hearing lawyers' arguments in a formal proceeding this morning, Judge Cohn promises to rule on the validity of our petition "within two days." I note that in open court, with spectators and the press present, City Attorney does not argue his case on the grounds that U.T.C. might lose money if we prevail. This must be easier to do in judge's chambers. Before leaving the bench, Cohn said his ruling would have nothing to do with his feelings about the Vietnam War or the use of napalm. In other words, like the Port Commissioners, the judge has a duty to perform which cannot be cluttered up with questions of morality.

MAY 20: Judge Cohn rules our petition "invalid." He says we attacked the wrong document. Instead of attacking the only document in existence authorizing a sublease to manufacture napalm in Redwood City, we should have, says Judge Cohn, attacked a lease which didn't exist until ten days *after* we filed our 3,761 signatures with the City Clerk. Carried through to its logical conclusion this reasoning would make it possible for the port commissioners and a tenant to effectively thwart any effort to hold a referendum election under the provisions of the City Charter: every time a petition is filed they could consent to a termination of an existing lease and enter into a new one. Then following the court's reasoning they could say, "Sorry, you attacked the wrong instrument. We have a new lease." It's hard to imagine an appellate court going along with this. Or is it?

MAY 21: The Redwood City Committee Against Napalm has joined with most of the peace organizations in the San Francisco Bay area to plan a protest rally and march in Redwood City on May 28. Senator Wayne Morse has agreed to speak.

Aaron Manganiello begins a one-man fast at the napalm gates.

MAY 28: Rally and march attracts 3500 persons. It seems like there is a policeman for every five people. Marchers quiet and orderly as they proceed through heart of town on the three and one quarter mile hike to napalm plant. American flags draped along both sides of downtown route, planned as a subtle mockery by local organizations and merchants, brimming with indignation. Much vulgarity and disorder supplied by hecklers who do their best to provoke an incident.

JUNE 3: San Francisco attorney, Vincent Hallinan agrees to take our case to the California District Court of Appeals.

Redwood City Tribune publishes a letter from local resident entitled "Unwashed—Uninvited": "Broadway in Redwood City is not a bright modern thoroughfare, but the merchants have always made a valiant effort to keep it neat and it is always cheerful and clean . . . Suddenly the street took on a dirty, grey and sombre look . . . the residents of Redwood City now must pay the preposterous penalty of $9,000 for the police protection . . . the citizens of Redwood City must, in some way, repaint the tarnished and desecrated picture of this fair city, previously considered the jewel of the Peninsular Pendant . . ."

JUNE 4: The Redwood City Tribune apologizes editorially to its readers for having found it necessary to cover our march reportorially. But, they point out, they have a duty to report the "bad" as well as the "good." They are sure, they say, that people "calling the shots" in the anti-napalm movement are either unpatriotic or treasonous. They don't mention the local toughies with the swastikas. Perhaps it's better that way. Meanwhile Redwood City is busy trying to rub the tarnish off its bejeweled image by grinding out tons of napalm every day. On with the baby-roast.

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Ephemera

BOOKS ART CINEMA THEATRE MISCELLANY

Literati:

NOW YOU SEE HIM— NOW YOU DON'T

by Sidney Bernard

IT WAS A crushing crowd, for so small a theatre. But the event was a singular one. Bill Burroughs had come to give a reading. Bill Burroughs—William Burroughs—William S. Burroughs. Any name they called him, he was there among them in the flesh, on this chilly Sunday afternoon. The man from way-out and deep, from the hashish dens of Tangiers, had surfaced on the East Village. A literary Lazarus rising? And droves of the "in" literati, poets in beards, girls windblown off the campuses (and Bronx and Manhattan middle class pads), close-shouldered into the tiny, 129-seat East Fourth Street Theater to see and hear him. At a two-dollar tab.

They sat in a tight, buzzing intimacy—waiting for his entrance. The narrow aisles looked like encampment day. Lank-haired chicks, many wearing boots and leather, leafed through copies of *Nova Express* and *Naked Lunch*. Now and then they would exchange a literary *bon mot*, with their cooler appearing and equally lank-haired male companions. Everybody seemed anxious to display some credentials, some word-of-mouth or first-hand evidence of his knowingness in this very special scene. And outside in the lobby and on the street, the unlucky ones who hadn't made it, had to satisfy themselves with *just being there*. The ambience of a really hip scene was a kind of "presence" all its own.

Pretty soon Burroughs almost shuffled on stage. Tall and bony, wearing business suit and vest, he came through the yards of furled red curtains silent as a cloud. He removed his topcoat and soft felt hat, placing them carefully on top of a white chair. In front of him was another chair, more like a baby stool, on which was placed a mike with its thin neck jutting out toward him. He carried a large, highly polished leather briefcase; placing this down in front of him, he eased himself (like a diver fighting the bends) into a high backed leather chair. Only then, for the first time, did he offer a tentative look at his audience. It was a pale look, but it galvanized his viewers to instant attention.

He spoke his first words, a kind of ramble which he swallowed, a preliminary ellipsis to the business of the reading. His voice was sandpapery but pleasant. In the near hush of the tiny theater, the accent was of a sharp midwestern twang. The orange house lights went down, two spots each from the stage wings went up. The whole stage area was bathed in this orange-red coated light, and Burroughs' first lines, upon drawing some books and manuscripts from his briefcase, his upper torso almost jackknifed into the mike, had the strange and compelling remoteness of a seance.

He read from *Nova*, the voice now barking, but low and pleasantly. Pretty soon it was evident that many of those lines, no matter how recondite or special or indecipherable one may have found them to be on the printed page, came across live as lines with a special blend of way-out humor. The mode of his reading, quick barks of staccato narrative, pushed this tone of levity across the apron with a, literally, near stunning effect. And the response was a targeted one, sharp bursts of laughter that gave the house a vaudevillean excitement.

After 20 minutes or so of reading from books and manuscripts, Burroughs unlimbered out of the chair and shambled back behind the curtains. He came forward again, almost on the instant, to announce that next would be a tape. "I do all the voices," he said. It was off-hand and cryptic, as far as he'd go, in terms of stage directions, and it brought forth a thick ripple of laughter. He disappeared instantly, and the crowd sat back and waited.

The tape turned out to be a collage. And, once again, much of it was wildly funny. Burroughs had snipped together, as it were, four newsy motifs. These consisted of a plane crash over Jones Beach, a densely officialese dispatch from the American forces in Vietnam, the last hours of Dutch Schultz' gangsterish *gotterdammerung* in a Newark hospital, and, a midwestern "man-with-the-tin" vs. outlaw caper.

The taped Burroughs recited these snippets in alternating bursts, and tone colors, appropriate to each subject. His voice, for the plane crash, had the dumbshow flatness of all radio doomsday announcing; for Vietnam, it went muscular, laced with empty military bravado; for Dutch Schultz the style was high-pitched gangland rococo; and finally, for the sheriff-outlaw vignette, he employed what probably came easiest—a nasal shorthand toughness that evoked a frontier saloon milieu.

The audience took all this first as a

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challenge: would they dig the collage style, coming from a high priest of the school? And dig they surely did, judging from the sustained free laughter, some of it in buffo volume, that bounced off the small house's box shaped walls. There was good cheer enough, at the tape's finish; and when Burroughs once again slinked back on stage, he broke down to the extent of allowing a small crescent smile to appear on his otherwise tightly controlled features.

He resumed his jackknifed position, barking into the mike in a low, oddly pleasant key, for ten more minutes of reading. Bits and pieces from *Nova*, such as "Crab Nebula," a planetary cum sci-fi cum cybernetic jargon passage. This he offered in what could be called, mockingly, impassioned-science-sterility style. One other piece—a bizarrely funny "chase" sequence, cops and a clutch of homosexuals in a Chicago park—had the audience doing a slow bellyroll of laughter, from deep in their seats. (Burroughs, in his reading, kept on shifting his sources. Now he'd dip and leaf into one book, now into another. It was hard to tell which piece belonged where. This gave the illusion, odd and effective, of collages within collages. Or, literary Chinese boxes within boxes. Or even "fold-ins" within fold-ins, as Burroughs has called them.)

After an hour or so, Burroughs abruptly turned himself off. He gathered together his books, briefcase and clothing and, even though the audience applauded him warmly, succeeded in hiding any response, any of the charismatic pleasure that is a performer's right on the completion of a good gig. Without further ado, he slid behind the thick red curtains and was gone.

Outside in the lobby and street, there was much speculation as to a second performance. *Would he?* Burroughs could have done a doubleheader, with another SRO, no doubt of it. But when it was put to Alan S. Marlowe, the lanky young man who produced the reading for the American Theater for Poets, Inc., Marlowe looked piqued, even mildly pained. "He's not about to repeat . . . He's *gone*."

Sidney Bernard is New York editor of the Literary Times and roving editor of the quarterly, The Smith.

Music:

THE WHOLE WORLD CRACKING —STRAVINSKY AT 84

by Jonathan Cott

"Igor Stravinsky tells of a dream in which he wanders outside a house, trying to enter. In the famous parable "Before the Law," Kafka tells of the man from the country who begs for admittance to the Law. But the doorkeeper tells the man that he cannot be admitted at the moment. The man asks if he will be allowed to enter later. "It is possible," the doorkeeper answers, "but not at this moment." At the conclusion the doorkeeper, seeing that the man is at the end of his strength and that his hearing is failing, bellows in his ear: "No one but you could gain admittance through this door, since this door was intended only for you. I am now going to shut it."

Kafka's perception of a freedom which could exist for him only when it became unobtainable is just the opposite of the vision Stravinsky expresses in his music. "You are free and that is why you are lost," one character in Kafka's Fragments says to another, and this is a feeling expressed many times in *Amerika* and *The Castle*, as well. Stravinsky's music, conversely, conveys to us the sense of breaking down the obstacles to that freedom which Kafka could not obtain with any satisfaction.

Here is the key to Stravinsky's musical personality: the composer wants to and succeeds in breaking into the house right away. Stravinsky's employment of *staccato*, *marcato*, and sharp *ostinato* —his attack, in other words—all suggest the typical Stravinskian sound. The conflict between metrical and rhythmic materials creates the enormous tension and exhilaration we feel in his music. And it is this unique and violent sound that unifies all of his music from Fireworks (1907–08) to the building of the ark section in The Flood (1961).

The hullabaloo that is made of Stravinsky's so-called "primitive, neo-classic, and serial periods" by both critics and audiences is mostly fustian pretension, on the one hand, and negligible academic dickering, termed musical historiography, on the other. Masterpieces such as Renard (1916), the Piano Concerto (1924), Movements for Piano and Orchestra (1958–59), and the recent Variations for Orchestra (1963–64) reveal the same musical power and kinetic energy, transcending annalistic periodization. Stravinsky's musical inflection is always the same, striking and recognizable. As Stravinsky writes in *Dialogues [and a Diary* (1963)]: "I do not understand the composer who says we must analyze and determine the evolutionary tendency of the whole musical situation and proceed from there. I have never consciously analyzed any musical situation, and I can follow only where my musical appetites lead me."

When Stravinsky uses Pergolesi, Tschaikowsky, von Weber, or Gesualdo, he uses the old in order to renew his already strong musical personality. Milhaud's adaptations of Lully or Richard Strauss' borrowing from Couperin reveal to us more about the originals than about the adapters. But Stravinsky's Pulcinella, The Fairy's Kiss, Monumentum pro Gesualdo, or the delightful harmonization and arrangements of the Star Spangled Banner (which, when it was first performed in 1944, got the composer into trouble with Boston officials—they accused him of "tampering with national property") are pure Stravinsky. Like Nerval, Eliot, Pound and Duncan in poetry, Stravinsky takes from his musical forebears in order to renovate and enrich his own singular vision. Everything is there: the unique inflection and stylization, the freezing of the leading tones, the stricken gestures, and the violent rhythmic attack. Stravinsky's music—like Marshall McLuhan's electric light—is pure and violent information.

For Stravinsky is an extraordinarily violent composer. He wants to get into the house—and he breaks in. Like the Russian Spring, Stravinsky's music creates the feeling of the whole world cracking, opening up our consciousness and enabling us to contact our most vital and hidden-away feelings. But the violence in Stravinsky's music is usually

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playful. It is not the bored violence of Paul Bowle's short stories, nor the savage violence of Isaac Babel's tales. Rather it is a child's violence, aggressive but not destructive—aggressive in its literal meaning of "approaching" (the house). It is the violence of Chicken Little and Gargantua. It is natural and pleasurable.

Stravinsky has said that his music is best understood by animals and small children. I once played Agon for three kids under the age of six, and they called it "noisy." Dogs like what their masters like. But what Stravinsky quite clearly means is that his music is most loved by older children, by you and me. His music is so *new*; it always sounds born for the first time as we hear it. Stravinsky's music creates a sense of beginning, and like the actions of children, his compositions are vital and cannot be predicted and judged according to a pre-determined esthetic code. As Stravinsky writes in the *Dialogues*: "My agenbite of inwit is that I do not know while composing, am not aware of, the value question. I love whatever I am now doing, and with each new work I feel that I have at last found the way, have just begun to compose. I love all of my children."

Pleasure, delight, and play infuse Stravinsky's music. There is an eternal childlike quality about it. Building and acting are at the base of composition. The vigorous building of the ark scene in The Flood is the finest part of this ballet because the act of building (and of composing, too) is as exuberant as child's play. It is a music of intense activity, an aural manifestation of the muscular system of motion and locomotion. One has only to see pictures of the composer playing hoops like a kid with Charlie Chaplin in Hollywood in 1937 to understand that Stravinsky, now 84, *is* a kid, alive within himself. And his music sounds as if it were being composed just as the universe were cooling on the Seventh Day.

Following this, it is important to talk about the sexual excitement of Stravinsky's music. This is usually what is inside the house. Here we run into much bickering, philosophizing and nonsense. Adorno called Stravinsky's art reactionary, saying that it embraced the negative forces and tried to "exorcise" them by identifying itself with them. Roman Vlad's recent study, *Stravinsky* (published in 1960 by Oxford University Press)—which the composer calls the "best study of my music"—is concerned with this problem. Vlad writes that "if at one particular time Stravinsky allowed his art to become identified with a tragically negative situation, he did so in order to give expression to this situation and thus restore the balance on the basis of pure æsthetic reality."

Vlad is quite obsessed with his thesis, repeated throughout the book, which is that the "underlying sense of tragedy" of Stravinsky's earlier music, such as Le Sacré and L'Histoire, gave way in the religious works and in the "neo-classic" period to a "vehement repression of the dramatic impulse, and finally by oblivion and escape into Arcadian bliss." "In Petrushka," Vlad writes, "and particularly in Le Sacré, rhythm was already on the way to becoming the symbol of the power of evil. In the Triumphal March of the Devil (from L'Histoire) this is fully realized."

What can one say of all this? Admittedly, Stravinsky's concern with orthodox religion and his partiality for Greek myths and themes (Apollon Musagète, Perséphone, Oedipus Rex) reflect an awareness on his part of evil and the need for inner peace.

"Must one be a believer to compose in these [religious] forms?" Craft asks Stravinsky in the *Conversations*. And Stravinsky replies:

"Certainly, and not merely a believer in 'symbolic figures,' but in the Person of the Lord, the Person of the Devil, and the Miracles of the Church."

Children and Stravinsky believe in the Devil, but are they worried? I wonder. Anyway, regardless of Stravinsky's personal religious beliefs (which are his own affair, as Bach's religious beliefs must be *our* affair if we are to realize fully the beauties and emotional paradoxes of the Cantatas), I hold the heterodoxical position that Stravinsky's true religious music is that of Le Sacré, Les Noces, and Agon—a kind of musical Holy Trinity—which all convey a playful but powerful sexual violence. (Certainly Ballanchine's brilliant choreography for Agon hints at this.) The rhythm in these works seems more exuberant than religiously evil. What Vlad sees as evil, I see as aggressive, assertive musical emotions, and the healthy manifestations of uplifting violence. This violence does not choke us, but allows us to breathe and feel joy.

Vlad talks of the "religious chastity" of some of the composer's works. But I prefer to apply D. H. Lawrence's definition of chastity to Stravinsky's music: the peace which comes of copulation. I do not wish to be sacrilegious. From the Ebony Concerto to Dumbarton Oaks, from the Symphonies for Winds to the Septet, Stravinsky's music conveys a sexuality and a joy in being that is religious in the sense that the Song of Songs or the Gitagovinda are religious. Here is an artist involved directly with our emotions, always contacting his local and esthetic environments head-on, and making something from them.

Everything exists for Stravinsky, and everything is possible for him. Controlling his materials and defining limits for himself—he *makes* ("My mind is a doing one," he writes); and from the making he discloses his own image. As he writes in *Poetics of Music*: "I myself having been created, I cannot help having the desire to create." Like Grandgousier, who said to his wife, pregnant with Gargantua: "Bring this boy into the world, and we'll soon make another," Stravinsky keeps on composing one powerful work after another, a child at 84 with a "will to procreate." With a wisdom and poetry that make him a moving writer as well as a great composer, Stravinsky asked:

How does a man grow old? I don't know; or why I *am old, if I must be (I don't want to be), or if "I" am "he." All my life I have thought of myself as "the youngest one," and now, suddenly, I read and hear about myself as "the oldest one." And then I wonder at these distant images of myself. I wonder if memory is true, and I know that it cannot be, but that one lives by memory nevertheless and not by truth. But through the crack of light in my bedroom door, time dissolves and I again see the images of my lost world. Mama has gone to her room, my brother is asleep in the other bed, and all is still in the house. The lamp from the street reflects in the room, and by it I recognize the simulacrum as myself.*

Jonathan Cott is on the faculty of the new experimental undergraduate school of the University of California at Berkeley.

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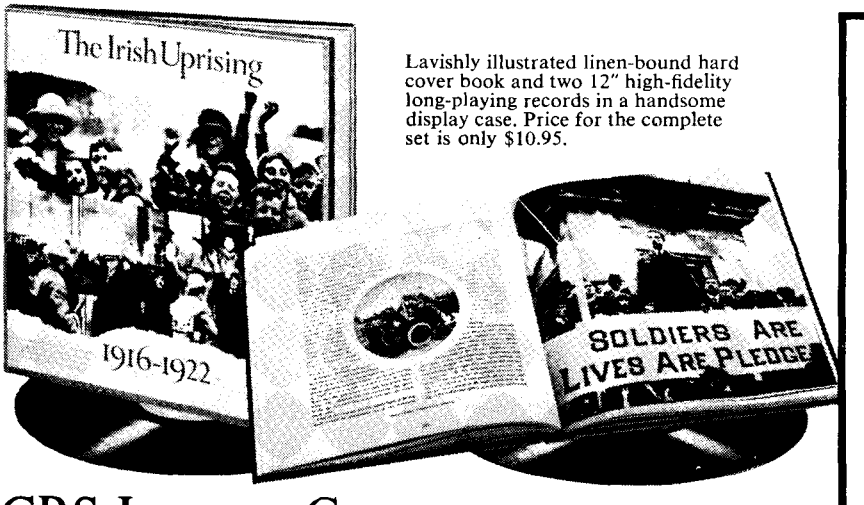

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Books:

SOUTH VIETNAM: ON THE ROAD TO VICTORY. *South Vietnam: Liberation Publishing House. 223 pp.*

Reviewed by Don Duncan

"I HAVE BEFORE ME on my desk a most amazing book. The title hardly prepared me for the contents. The gold lettering is impressed on a banana-colored hard cover and is finished off with burgundy binding. The pages between the covers, no less handsome, are of high quality stock and display over 200 color and black-and-white photographs. Many of the pictures have never before been seen in this country. Interesting but hardly amazing. The flyleaf tells the story—Liberation Publishing House, South Vietnam, October, 1965. The book was published in English by the National Liberation Front (Viet Cong) in what they refer to as liberated areas in South Vietnam and printed on captured American made presses.

Many of the pictures are reprints of photographs taken by American photographers but most are the work of NLF cameramen. Text has been kept to a minimum—fortunately—the pictures give the message.

Particularly poignant is a picture of a Viet Minh soldier taking tearful farewell of his family in South Vietnam in 1954, to comply with the Geneva Agreements. When the U.S. interference in 1956 made separation more than temporary, we can only suppose that the soldier returned to his family in the south, thereby becoming an "infiltrator."

Those who refuse to accept the fact that we are fighting *people* in Vietnam—Vietnamese people—will quickly dismiss such scenes as an obvious propaganda gambit. Of course it's propaganda, but should it be dismissed any faster than our own publications that depict the enemy as barbaric "yellow dwarfs" (President Johnson) who spend all their waking hours exhausting themselves dragging pregnant women into village squares to slit bellies and drink blood? How many of us think of "Charlie" as a family man with personal problems? How many of us think of these "illegitimate bands of wandering minstrels" (Vice-President Humphrey) as men and women who cry and go to school and laugh and feed their pigs? Propaganda or not, I think we should see another side of the "enemy," or is it easier for the proponents of our war in Vietnam to think of people in terms of mathematics—kill ratios?

Having once determined the source of the book one might well expect it to be crammed with horror pictures of atrocities; but such is not the case. The few shown are scenes recorded by our own photographers which only makes them more eloquent.

Those interested in the tactics of guerrilla warfare will find pictures of homemade flat-bottomed boats in the Plain of Reeds being used as assault craft. Each craft holds three or four people and is usually powered by a woman wielding a pole. The pictures were taken during an actual assault, showing the geysers of water from artillery shells. Also shown are a jungle "look-out" and preparation of *punji* (spike) traps and spiked deadfalls.

American apologists for our war in Vietnam have long made an issue of these *punji* traps and have condemned the Viet Cong for using such barbarous instruments (as opposed to civilized methods of warfare such as napalm and indiscriminate B-52 saturation bombings). Condemnation of the NLF for using *punjis* has always been a mystery to me inasmuch as most U.S. Special Forces camps utilize these sharpened stakes as part of their defenses, often in a moat surrounding the area. One of the pictures in the book shows a government post surrounded by *punji* stakes as thick as porcupine quills.

Students of this type of warfare will also be interested in pictures of the NLF during marches, showing how they make jungle bridges and makeshift stairs on steep jungle slopes to facilitate travel and the transport of supplies. Pictures of NLF soldiers show quite a mixture of weapons: French rifles that reach to a Vietnamese man's armpit; Swedish 'K's (submachine guns); Lee-Enfield bolt action rifles; American M-1's. In one color plate of NLF soldiers standing on a downed helicopter, the man in the foreground is holding one of our new Colt Armelite AR-15's (M-16 rifle). Although the text fails to point it out, the most universal weapon of the enemy soldiers is quite obviously the U.S. carbine. The favorite is the U.S. 30 caliber A6 machinegun.

"GRAMMATICALLY NO FAULT can be found with this book and sophisticated techniques of printing have been used under what could only be adverse conditions. The National Liberation Front has used psychology and propaganda with great skill and effect for a number of years with their own people. I have the feeling that in producing a book for a Western target audience the editors looked to sympathetic writers in the West for guidance in determining what would appeal to such an audience. The result is the use of the exaggerated rhetoric of a Herbert Aptheker (*Mission to Hanoi*) and a Wilfred Burchett (*Vietnam: Inside Story of the Guerrilla War*) with all the hack lines and clichés so offensive to serious Western eyes and ears.

The publishers of this book, like the two Western authors, were in a unique position to report events which would otherwise remain unreported, but unfortunately they failed. The book is already so pictorially dramatic and powerful that any attempt at exaggeration or explanation along the lines of political prejudice could only and does only diminish the effect.

Under one of the pictures, depicting a scene of the Nha Trang airfield on June 28, 1965, is a caption which states that 21 planes were destroyed and 300 troops put out of action. I happen to have been on the airfield and at the time of the attack there were not 21 planes to be destroyed. If there had been 300 casualties, virtually every second man would have been dead or wounded. At the time, Nha Trang was considered one of the most secure areas in the country. The airfield is also the home and headquarters for the U.S. Army Special Forces ("The Green Berets"). There were few planes on the field at the time of the attack because

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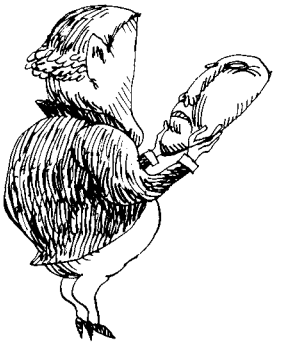
Captain Thorne (Captain Kornie in Robin Moore's *Green Berets)* had found out about the attack and the whole military compound was alerted and planes dispersed. Patrols were sent out to the flat open terrain siding on the airfield. The location also houses a large mercenary Strike Force and is the headquarters area for the Vietnamese Special Forces. The VC maneuvered against an alerted camp, across an open area, between patrols, set up and fired their mortars, caused damage and escaped without being caught. The facts of the attack are more shattering than the invented statistics.

The captions also report 155 deaths at the Brink Hotel on December 24, 1964; 107 deaths at Qui Nhan on February 10, 1965; 293 Americans killed at Bien Hoa October 31, 1964; 207 Americans killed at the U.S. Embassy in Saigon on March 10, 1965. All of these attacks were on American installations in secure areas and each required great daring and audacity. Thousands of others familiar with one or more of these incidents, knowing the real figures, will dismiss the book and its contents on the basis of these claims. They will overlook the fact that the attacks not only occurred, but were recorded and documented—and handsomely—in this unusual book.



PLAYER PIANO *by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. New York: Rinehart and Winston. 295 pp. $4.95.*

Reviewed by J. J. Clyde Jr.

MISSHAPEN THOUGH WE SEEM, we quickly recognize ourselves in Kurt Vonnegut's cybernated world of tomorrow, a grotesque of our own times like the reflection from some trick carny mirror that gives us back our distorted, yet painfully familiar, image. If it's meant to be funny, why does it hurt so much when we laugh?

But we can't cry, either. In Vonnegut's fully automated world our every physical need is taken care of from the cradle to the grave. Machines, the brainchildren of a managerial elite chosen for its technical competence by intelligence and aptitude tests (shades of the current draft deferment examination!), do the work and give the orders. Our job, whether we boondoggle in the Reconstruction and Reclamation Corps (the Reeks and Wrecks) or drill with wooden guns in the army, is really to be good consumers. He also serves who only spends and wastes. All we lack is the human sense of usefulness and purpose. And the possibility of protesting against our condition. Even death has become indistinguishable from life save as the terminal phase of uselessness—the wearing out of a standardized, replaceable part.

On the surface, at least, totalitarianism need not be terroristic. It may assume the guise of manipulation, validating its consensus of engineered consent by elaborate "scientific" opinion surveys and by elections offering only illusory choices in the manner of rigged plebiscites. But such a society remains totalitarian nevertheless if it does not allow for what Herbert Marcuse calls The Great Refusal: the protest against that which is.

And this is what *Player Piano,* Vonnegut's first novel, happily reissued this spring, is all about. The scientist-engineer-technician managers smother dissent with bribes of security, or institutionalize it in the cloying embrace of a sham libertarianism. The velvet gloves come off when these elliptical means fail. Hard-core dissenters are called saboteurs and, if they persist in their waywardness, are destroyed. Dissent is okay only if it is *à la mode*: no Great Refusals allowed. No wonder, in reading *Player Piano,* we experienced a *déjà vu*. We know about our own "communists" and "traitors," and we recall civil rights demonstrations like the March on Washington in 1963, all decked out in the anaesthetic ceremonial trappings of democracy while the castration is being performed.

The novel traces the growing disenchantment of Paul Proteus, one of the managers, with the prevalent notion among members of his class that all machines equate with progess and are good *per se*. With all other means of protest pre-empted he joins a revolt that, in the climax of *Player Piano,* is doomed to fail. Worse than that, the revolutionists, long denied any other safety valve, indiscriminately destroy "the flush toilets with the automatic lathe controls," the good with the bad. And there are indications that they might even recreate the old nightmare of machine-worship in the time to come. Human beings, after all, are flawed and can be foolish things, particularly if they are not allowed to rock the boat. Chances are, in that case, they will capsize it. The leaders of the revolt, before surrendering to overwhelming force, raise a whiskey bottle and drink "to the record!"—to the record, that is, that they have at least registered their Great Refusal in the only way left to do so; to the record that says that their failure must stand as a reminder that there is one necessity from which there can never be any prospect of freedom. "This isn't the end. Nothing ever is, nothing ever will be—not even Judgment Day," one of them says.

Fourteen years into the future (and into our often dismaying present) from the date of its original publication, *Player Piano* remains a classic of its genre, and merits a place on the bookshelf next to *Brave New World* and *1984*. In its eerie foreshadowing of the times to come that already seem upon us in so many ways, Vonnegut's novel is not so far-fetched after all. Nor are his warnings about the mixed blessings of technological triumphs. One of his managers tells us "... the men at the head of civilization demonstrate in private that they are ten-year-olds at heart, that they haven't the vaguest notion of what they are doing to the world." If war is too important to entrust to the generals, the future of man is much too precious to be left at the disposal of scientists, engineers and technicians. In their preoccupation with processes rather than goals there is little evidence suggesting that such specialists realize any better than the man on the street the social hazards of their new technologies.

J. J. Clyde Jr., reporter and teacher, is currently writing short stories and completing a novel.

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Art:

CZECHOSLOVAK CINEMA POSTERS

by Bill Tara

NO GRAND MARQUEE marks a movie theatre in Prague; only a modest "KINO" in neon identifies the place. Rather than tear down fine old structures to build cinema palaces, the Czechoslovaks carved them out of the insides of existing buildings or, in many cases, built them *underground*. And why not? Who needs windows?

These theatres are reached through interior courtyards or through the many arcades that tunnel through Prague buildings from street to street, a blessing to pedestrians when the weather is miserable.

Along with their own product, the Czechoslovaks show films from practically everywhere and produce their own posters for each presentation, partly of necessity because of language differences. But their posters are treated far more carefully and imaginatively than necessity demands.

Though American film producers might learn a lesson from the Czechoslovaks in the matter of how to make a film poster, it is impossible that they will, for they tend to be slow learners, quite content with their generally inferior posters. American film posters are quite often not posters at all but merely embellished verbiage: *Raw terror flames lustful passions and etc.* And the embellishers have dutifully illuminated the cliché phrases with cliché graphics.

Graphic consultant Bill Tara originally collected these posters for CA magazine while on a tour of Eastern Europe.

East German Satire, "Possessed"

Hungarian film, "The Y

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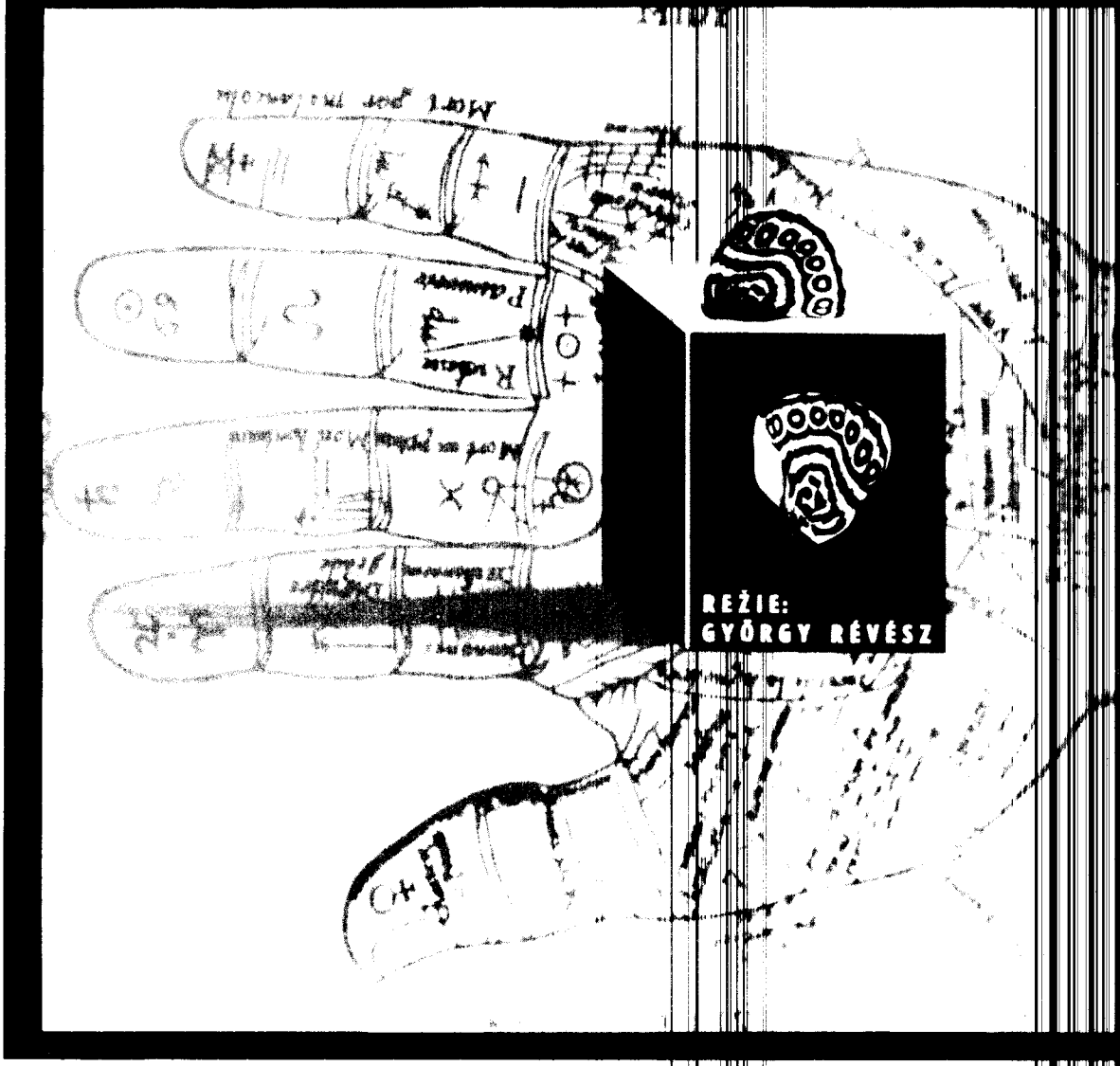
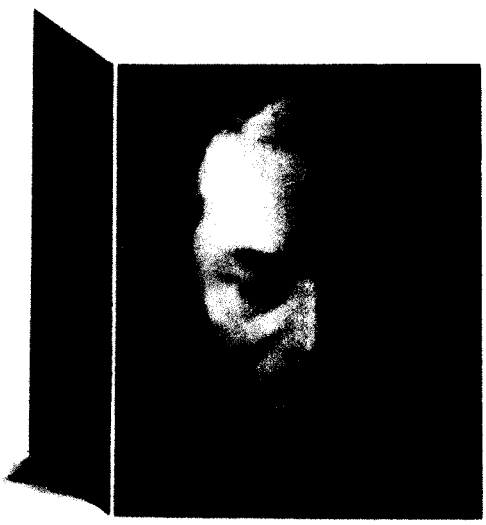
MAĎARSKÝ FILM ODPOVĚĎ NA VELKOU OTÁZKU



RÉŽIE:
GYÖRGY RÉVÉSZ



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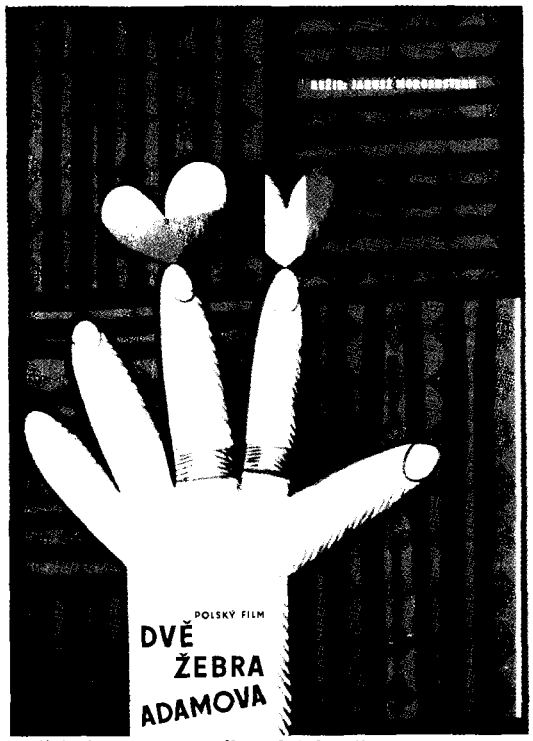
Russian film, "Ivan's Childhood"



Polish film, "Two Ribs of Adam"

Polish film, "Diary of Mrs. Hanka"

Poster for an Italian Film

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"I never sold anybody anything that was nonexistent that they didn't know about it."*

OF LATE we have been receiving, in addition to a gratifying number of requests for information about *Inch Kenneth* itself, tactful but persistent inquiries into what we (Ramparts) are getting out of the whole thing; why we are continually using our magazine to hawk an obscure island in the Inner Hebrides for Jessica Mitford.

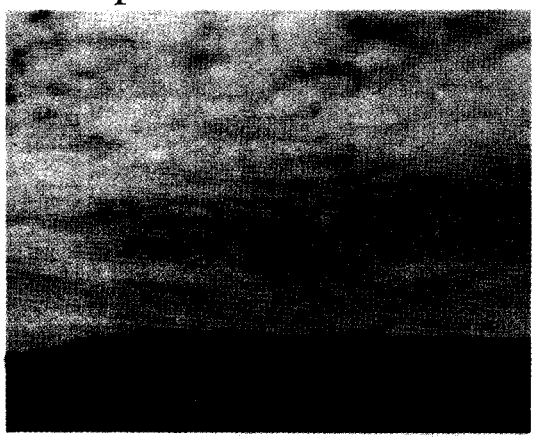
A FAIR QUESTION—to which the answer would normally be "money," but it isn't. To put it as simply as possible, in return for unloading *Inch Kenneth* (which you know all about by now since we have been running these advertisements for five months; but if you missed them refer to the Compendium opposite) we receive title, free and clear, to *Innersk* (which even we know little or nothing about.)

INNERSK is reputedly a minute islet with a fine view of *Inch Kenneth* and not much else to recommend it.

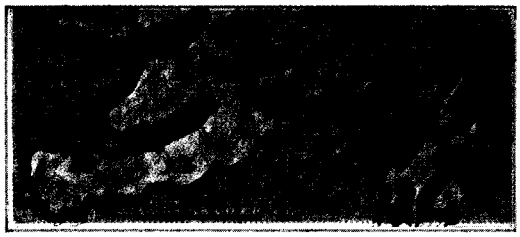
AS A MATTER OF FACT the only reason we know it's out there is because Jessica Mitford told us it was. It's not on the map (see opposite again) and we have never seen a picture. This is probably because people frequently row over to *Innersk* to photograph *Inch Kenneth,* but it is seldom done the other way around—or so we've been told. And while we have an abundance of evidence to show that famous people like Samuel Johnson, James Boswell, and Arnold Toynbee's grand-niece have all enjoyed fine times on *Inch Kenneth,* there is not the slightest mention anywhere of anyone at any time even setting foot on *Innersk.* But we have faith.

THIS IS ALL by way of assuring whomever purchases *I. K.* that you will have fine, sober, industrious, and quiet neighbors—us.

Compendium:



Inch Kenneth as seen from *Innersk*



INCH KENNETH (*Inch*: Island; *Kenneth*: a follower of St. Columba) is located in the Hebrides, just off the coast of Scotland. It is about one mile long by one and one half miles wide, and carries a fifteen room manor house with its own electricity, a staff cottage, barns, the dairy, stables, two jetties with matching motor boats, the ruins of a crusaders' chapel and graveyard (563 a.d.), and a garage protecting a 1924 Morris. Thoroughly self-sustaining, the island has splendid fishing, a large vegetable garden, and sheep, beef and milk cows graze in lush pastures. So much for that.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS just write to Jessica Mitford, c/o *Ramparts,* 301 Broadway, San Francisco, California.

Billy Sol Estes

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Advertorial?

LUTHER BURBANK once brought society a minor leap forward by crossing an orange and a mandarin and getting a tangerine. We hope to mirror his accomplishment by crossing an editorial and an advertisement. The result, for want of a better name, is an advertorial. Advertorials are like regular old ads except that they're for things we believe in, like editorials are supposed to be. To launch this hybrid institution, and since charity begins at home, we wrote an ad to help the three Ramparts editors who ran losing congressional races make up their campaign deficits. The advertorial may become a regular feature.

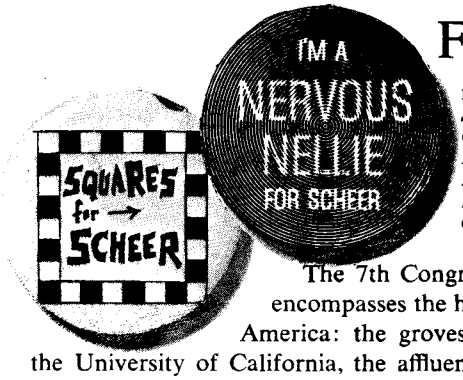
Final: 47%

DEFICIT COMMITTEE
Keating for Congress Headquarters
P. O. Box 1111
Menlo Park,
California

California's 11th Congressional District is a suburban bedroom community sprawling down the San Francisco peninsula. Publisher Edward M. Keating made the Vietnam war the dominant issue, nevertheless he almost upset the candidate who supported President Johnson's Asian policies. His campaign deficit is $13,000.

Dear Deficit Committee: I know what it means to be a loser. Enclosed please find $..... to help.

(Signed) .....



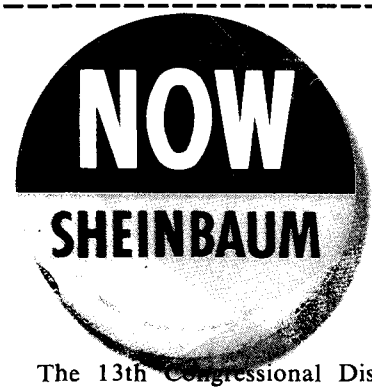
Final: 45%

DEFICIT COMMITTEE
Scheer for Congress Headquarters
2214 Grove Street
Berkeley,
California

The 7th Congressional District encompasses the highs and lows of America: the groves of academe of the University of California, the affluent Berkeley hills, the dreadful ghettos of Oakland and acres of white-only suburban housing tracts. Foreign Editor Robert Scheer challenged incumbent Democratic Congressman Jeffery Cohelan, a "good liberal" who nevertheless supported the Administration's war policy and seldom ventured into the ghetto. His deficit is $14,000.

Dear Deficit Committee: I know what it means to be a loser. Enclosed please find $..... to help.

(Signed) .....



Final: 41%

(of the top two)

DEFICIT COMMITTEE
Sheinbaum for Congress Headquarters
819 San Ysidro Lane
Santa Barbara,
California

The 13th Congressional District includes wealthy, picturesque Santa Barbara and working-class communities. Consulting Editor Stanley Sheinbaum, entering the race only six weeks before the election, placed second in a field of four candidates for the Democratic nomination by running a strong campaign demanding withdrawal from Vietnam. His deficit is $8,000.

Dear Deficit Committee: I know what it means to be a loser. Enclosed please find $..... to help.

(Signed) .....

[Month After Election Day Special

Loser's Grand Slam

(All three for the price of three)

SPLIT-THE-POT COMMITTEE
Keating, Scheer,
Sheinbaum for Congress
c/o Ramparts Magazine
301 Broadway
San Francisco, California

Dear Split-The-Pot Committee: I am unable and unwilling to choose among these three losers. Therefore please find enclosed $..... to divvy up.

(Signed) .....

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